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COMMENT OF THE DAY

A REMINDER

At this moment in 1945 Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin were in conference at the Crimean seaside resort of Yalta. Victory was within sight; all that remained to do was to plan for peace. For the war itself, they still maintained their policy of "unconditional surrender."

It is easy to be wise after the event, but in the light of conditions that have prevailed since that historic affair, we are forced to the conclusion that once again, as at previous conferences right back to the Conference of Vienna, an ignorance of international affairs left dangerous loopholes in their conclusions.

The Yalta Agreement has been much criticised on the ground that it left Russia with a free hand in Eastern Europe which has led to what is called the Iron Curtain, but at the time Stalin gave his personal pledge that Russia would assist "the peoples of the Axis satellite States to create democratic institutions of their own personal choice."

Seemed Fair

THAT seemed fair enough. For the fault was not in accepting Stalin's word, but the inability to see how this pledge would eventually be interpreted by Stalin. That there were wise men in Britain is shown by the fact that when the Yalta agreement was debated in the House of Commons, 21 Conservative members of Parliament challenged a division.

They lost, of course, for the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, told the House, "Marshal Stalin and the Soviet leaders wish to live in honourable friendship and equality with the Western democracies," and he concluded by saying that he felt sure their word was their bond.

In no sense has the Communist world kept its word. Within a few days of the signing of the Yalta agreement the Russian envoy in Bucharest gave an ultimatum to King Michael of Rumania to get out and make way for a Communist government.

And the Poles had a Soviet handpicked government forced upon them.

What a pity both Churchill and Roosevelt did not consider Lord Dewart's epigram: "If a man says his word is as good as his bond, take his bond." This is something for future conference leaders to bear in mind when they sit at the conference table with Russia.

FOOT WARNS CYPRIOTS

No Hope If Terrorism Is Renewed

Nicosia, Feb. 7.

Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, said in a broadcast tonight that there would be "no hope for the island if riot and terror return."

Condolences From HK Footballers

The Hongkong Football Association has officially requested all teams taking part in League Matches in all divisions today and tomorrow to observe a two-minute silence before the start of play, and all players to wear black arm-bands throughout the game as a mark of respect for the late Sir Hugh Foot.

Last night, the Hongkong Football Association sent a telegram to the Manchester United Football Club expressing sympathy for the Munich tragedy.

The cable said: "Deeply shocked and grieved to learn of the tragic death of 11 of your officials and players. Please convey to members of their families and your Club our most profound sympathy."

UN Outer Space Meeting

Washington, Feb. 7. New Zealand Ambassador Sir Leslie Munro, who is President of the UN General Assembly, believes that the next regular Assembly meeting in September should discuss the question of control of outer space.

Diplomatic officials said Munro hopes before the meeting is held that a meeting of legal and scientific experts could be convened to advise the Assembly on this subject.

However they said Munro does not intend himself to call such a meeting.—United Press.

Manchester Players' Condition

Munich, Feb. 7. Matt Busby, Manchester United Manager, injured in yesterday's plane crash was reported tonight to be "somewhat worse."

The news was given in a hospital bulletin timed 8 p.m. local time (7 p.m. GMT) tonight.

The condition of the other Manchester United injured was given as follows: Albert Scanlon—asthma; Jackie Blanchflower—unchanged; Duncan Edwards—better; Dennis Viollet—good; John Berry—unchanged; Ray Wood—good; Ken Morgan—good; Bobby Charlton—good.

The team were insured by their club for £210,000. It was learned here last night.

The airline itself was insured by Lloyd's and other insurance companies for £150,000.

It is estimated that, taking into consideration the loss of the hull and claims under passenger insurance policies, the accident will cost Lloyd's and the insurance companies about £300,000.—Reuter.

Indonesian Rebels Nearing 'The Start'

Tokyo, Feb. 8. Indonesian Army rebels in Tokyo said early today that they were nearing "the start" when informed that the rebel station in Padang, Sumatra, had broadcast a demand that President Soekarno immediately dismiss the Cabinet of Prime Minister Djurdana.

"We are entering the starting line," Major Pantouw, spokesman for East Indonesian rebel leader Lieut-Col. Vjente Sumual said.

He told United Press in a brief interview, however, that Col Sumual, on a secret mission in Tokyo for the Sumatra rebel group, had not (as of 12 midnight JST—1500 GMT) received direct word of the broadcast from Padang.

GOING TO PLAN

"I hope to hear from Padang sometime tonight (before day-break)," Pantouw said. But until a message is received from Padang, Pantouw said, he neither he nor Sumual would comment further on the demand.

"But everything is going to plan," he said, repeating a statement made late Friday night.

He would not elaborate on what was meant by "entering the starting line" nor reveal any further moves of the group in Tokyo.—United Press.

ERADICATION OF SUPPORT FOR ZHUKOV

London, Feb. 7.

Moscow radio put a Soviet general on the air today to assure listeners that the Soviet Army has no differences with the Communist Party.

The broadcast was seen here as another shot in the Communist campaign to eradicate all semblance of support for former Defence Minister Marshal Georgi Zhukov.

Zhukov was ousted from his post of Defence Minister last October 26 and replaced on the Presidium of the Soviet Communist Party four days later. The official indictment charged he had tried to separate the Army from the Party and had been a victim of the cult of personality.

Today's broadcast by Maj-Gen. Pavel Musyakov said that the Army was solidly behind the Party.

Ideological Side

"The Party leadership of the Armed Forces is the source of their strength," Musyakov said. "Every weakening of that leadership, a divorce between the Army and Navy and the Party and the people will lead to a weakening of the fighting capacity of the Forces."

Musyakov is a little known general who has not hitherto been in the Party line. He is believed to be concerned with the ideological side of the Army's training.

Commenting on Zhukov's ouster today he said that Party cells in the Army and Navy had already "unanimously approved" his dismissal from the post of Defence Minister.

Their approval, he said, was "a fresh and striking demonstration of the Party's unceasing solidarity for strengthening the battle might of our Armed Forces."

Musyakov said Party cells in the Army were currently

Churchill Going To Washington

Paris, Feb. 7. Sir Winston Churchill has definitely accepted President Eisenhower's invitation to visit him in Washington in April, his Secretary, Mr. Montagu Brown, told reporters today.

Mr. Brown said that Sir Winston hopes that nothing will prevent him from making the trip.

Sir Winston's visit will coincide with the showing in Washington of an exhibition of his paintings—now touring American cities.

There has been a long-standing invitation from the President for Sir Winston to visit Washington.

It was announced this week that the President and Mrs. Eisenhower had asked Sir Winston and Lady Churchill to stay at the White House if they decided to make the trip.—Reuter.

ATLAS ICBM BLOWS UP IN SKY

New York, Feb. 7.

The Air Force fired a giant Atlas intercontinental missile today and it blew itself up high in the sky over Cape Canaveral.

A terse official announcement said only: "The missile destroyed itself shortly after completion of the powered phase of its flight."

The Atlas rose for nearly three minutes, apparently in perfect order, but there was then a burst of smoke apparently torn off when its own monitor system indicated that something was wrong.

An earlier announcement gave no indication whether the test was considered successful. It said only that an Atlas had been given a "routine" test firing.

The first statement, minutes after the launching, said only that an Atlas ballistic missile was "test-fired at 2436 and one-half p.m. (EST)," and that the test was "routine."

ENVELOPED IN SMOKE

The missile test enveloped in smoke for nearly 10 seconds after the firing button was pushed, gathering the thrust to firing skyward. Then it rose slowly with a prange flame streaking behind it from the powerful jets.

The Atlas was flying on its two "Booster" engines, but later in its development a third engine will be added to give the missile a bigger kick.

The Atlas is not expected to be flown the full 5,500 miles of which it is capable until later in the year.

The first two Atlases fired in June and September last year blew up a few thousand feet off the launching pad, but the next two were successful and flew some 600 miles.—United Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Cavalry
Pot O'Gold
Ann Cook
Outsider—Pretender.

RACE 2

Tai Ping Shan
Cirrus
Mascot
Outsider—Yin Chi.

RACE 3

Carola
Thousand Miles
Million Dollars
Outsider—Alex's Gift.

RACE 4

Gladale
Five Gold
Co-ordination
Outsider—Angela.

RACE 5

King Kong
Knock-down
Tara
Outsider—Long Cue.

RACE 6

Constellation
Bayshore
Precious Gem
Outsider—As You Like It.

RACE 7

Esquire
Madam Fortune
Na Pua
Outsider—Angel's Pearl.

RACE 8

Asken Diamond
Balkan Monarch
Jemima P.
Outsider—Ambition.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Cavalry
Ann Cook
Pot O'Gold
Outsider—Eureka.

RACE 2

Tai Ping Shan
Cirrus
Mascot
Outsider—Victoria Peak.

RACE 3

Carola
Dutch Courage
Thousand Miles
Outsider—Firestone.

RACE 4

Gladale
Five Gold
Fleetfoot
Outsider—Co-ordination.

RACE 5

King Kong
Long Cue
Tara
Outsider—Sportsmanship.

RACE 6

As You Like It
Precious Gem
Boat That
Outsider—Supreme Command.

RACE 7

Angel's Pearl
Na Pua
Distant Sky
Outsider—Ghghn.

RACE 8

Asian Diamond
Balkan Monarch
Outsider—Ambition.

The Turf's Progressive Places

Race 2—Tai Ping Shan; Race 5—Tara; Race 7—Angel's Pearl.

OUR TEASER TIP

For Race 8

King Peter was a tip. Our Teaser Tip for the last race meeting. "The dictionary says it means charming but we think it means a winner" (Winkles) was unplaced.

MPs Protest To Coty

London, Feb. 7. A group of 76 left-wing Labour members of the British Parliament today urged French President Rene Coty to reprieve Djemila Bourhaid, an Algerian Muslim girl under death sentence, and to hold an investigation into her trial.

Djemila Bourhaid was sentenced to death by the Algerian Military Court last July 15, for acts of terrorism.

The Labour MPs said in a letter to Coty that there were indications that the trial "was not conducted in the standards of justice which are accepted in France and other civilised countries."

The letter cited "the haste which the trial was conducted, the testimony and condition of some of the witnesses, the accused's reputation of the confession attributed to her, the failure to investigate her allegations that she had been tortured after arrest, and, above all, the refusal to allow the defence lawyer to deliver his plea."—France-Press.

First Asian

Singapore, Feb. 7. A young Singapore Chinese, Mr. Choo Hooi, will tonight conduct the Belgian National Orchestra in Brussels.

He is believed to be the first Asian ever to conduct a European national orchestra.—Reuter.

London, Feb. 7. Radio Moscow reported today that Sputnik II will have circled the earth 1,580 times by 0800 GMT tomorrow.—United Press.

Kenwood Sun-dry
makes hanging-out a thing of the past

APARTMENT OWNERS:
Simple to operate, and
expensive to use.
In only 4 minutes clothes are
ready to air or to iron.
Can be tucked away under
sink or table.
Will not rust or discolour,
and cannot injure even the
most delicate materials.

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There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West:
Won't you fly there with me?

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- ★ 7 flights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
- ★ Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, CAIRO, AOME, PRAGUE, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
- ★ 2 flights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO.
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FOR OUR
ADULT
PATRONAGE
AND
THE MORE
INFORMED
TEENAGERS!

JOAN
CRAWFORD
ROSSANO
BRAZZI

THE STORY OF
ESTHER COSTELLO

WILL NOT OFFEND
ANY MORALLY MATURE
PERSON OF EITHER SEX

IMPORTANT!
Please don't tell what
happens to the girl!

With LEE PATTERSON · RON RANDALL · DENIS O'DEA
and HEATHER SEARS

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
At 11.00 a.m.

"TOM & JERRY" M-G-M
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Variety Programme

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE

TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

Warner Bros. present
Burt Lancaster & Virginia Mayo in
"THE FLAME AND THE ARROW"
in Technicolor

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED
STAR · METROPOLE

★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Starring Tim Holt Audrey Dalton

★ OPENING TO-MORROW ★



BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m. FOX CINEMASCOPE
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
Sophia LOREN
Lots MAXWELL
in
"AIDA"
A Fox Picture
METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
In CinemaScope & Color
"ON THE THRESHOLD
OF SPACE"
Starring: Guy MADISON
Virginia LEITCH

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Morning Show To-morrow
12.30
"SOMEBODY UP THERE
LIKES ME"

THE 10TH DAY!
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Morning Show To-morrow
Robert Taylor, in
"WATERLOO BRIDGE"

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING
by
ANTHONY FULLER

"THE Story of Esther Costello," now showing at the King's and Princess, is too well known to even require comment in these columns. In setting out to write his book, Nicholas Monsarrat, went back to the old style of British novellists; I mean he employed the double theme. As a consequence, "The Story of Esther Costello" is not only a rattling good story, it is also a powerful expose of those sub-human monsters who commercialise the misfortune of their fellow creatures in the name of charity.

Now comes the question. Is the film better than the book? For the first time I can remember I give it as my opinion that the film is better than the book, and I think the problem is worked out in a better way. A trifle dramatic, but by no means beyond the bounds of plausibility.

The film is notable for two outstanding screen performances. First, the comeback of Joan Crawford. She plays the role of the American woman who takes charge of Esther when the latter shares the hell of the brutes, as dumb as they, and more horrible in that she had human form.

Miss Crawford, moved by pity, performs a work of charity. Then to her life comes one who shows that she is on to "a good thing" if only she exploits it. So we see the change.

The next performance is that of Heather Sears as Esther. You can imagine how difficult it is to play the part of one who is stricken with the trinity of affliction: deaf, dumb, and blind. Heather Sears has been acclaimed wherever this film has been shown. Her performance is now history, but you can see for yourself how worthy she is of all that is said of her. Once again Rossano Brazzi plays the part of a cad. He it is who sees pecuniary opportunity in Esther's affliction, and begins the huge publicity campaign that reaps a million dollars.

Without reservation, I acclaim "The Story of Esther Costello" as one of the great films of the year, a film that should be seen by every thinking person.

★ ★ ★

"THE March Hare" is a pleasing film with a plot well known to British film goers. Take one wastrel Irish lord as handsome as the devil, give him a love for horses and gambling, permit him to lose the family estate on a horse's nose; then rescue him with the aid of an American heiress. And there you have it, a plot as old as Killarney.

Nevertheless, this film has some rare moments of beauty as you can see, and it's worth going to see, in the aqua tinted rain-drenched green of Ireland. The horses play a wonderful part as of course, the Derby is won in the last few minutes of the film. A very exciting episode indeed.

The film is notable for two outstanding screen performances. First, the comeback of Joan Crawford. She plays the role of the American woman who takes charge of Esther when the latter shares the hell of the brutes, as dumb as they, and more horrible in that she had human form. Miss Crawford, moved by pity, performs a work of charity. Then to her life comes one who shows that she is on to "a good thing" if only she exploits it. So we see the change.

FROM the snuff and sob of department comes this offering of R.K.O., a technicolor version of the magazine feature, "The Day They Gave Babies Away." The Lee and Astor are showing

this "heart-throb saga" as the publicity has it. The film stars Glynis Johns and Cameron Mitchell as Marnie and Robert Emsom, young Scottish immigrants who settled in the Wisconsin wilderness a century ago. The story deals with the terrible pioneer struggle this young couple put up, only to die and leave their six small children to be adopted by their kind-hearted neighbours. The story is claimed to be perfectly true.

Rex Thompson, who attracted favourable attention for his performance in "The King and I," plays the part of young Robbie in this production. Along with him as the eldest sister is 11-year-old Patty McCormack, already a juvenile star on Broadway.

The film has merit and popular appeal, for films portraying children usually claim large audiences here. Unsophisticated, of immense human interest, a story of courage and good neighbours, it is wholesome entertainment with a universal appeal.

★ ★ ★

THE film industry is now almost 60 years old, I have to ask myself however what is the age of the pub-

licity boys who can introduce such a film as "Gervaise" under the punch line, "Sin, Sex, and Sozzled"? It is morbid, sordid, and reeks of moral decay and reaches out for that perverse artistic notion we find in Kears and Baudelaire, but without the former's refinement of beauty, and the latter's romantic agony.

"Gervaise" now showing at the Queen's "L'Assommoir" and made into a film by Rene Clement. It is a masterpiece, and as a prestige picture is without equal in town. But at the same time it demands a mature audience, and in my opinion should lead our local censors to institute a classification of films that should be shown to adult audiences only.

The film received awards on the performance of Maria Schell whose tenacious ambitions are matched by her ruthless determination to achieve them. It is a masterpiece of the foul and dark, as beautiful as moonlight reflected in a sewer.

Along with her is Francois Perrier who gives a marvellous performance. It is not everyone's picture, but it is the film for discriminating audiences. A perfect example of the decadent as a work of art.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Monster That Challenged the World." Starring the Monster, with Tim Holt and Audrey Dalton. Horror!

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Cast a Dark Shadow." Dirk Bogarde forebodes his fatal claim that has made him Britain's number one box office. With Margaret Lockwood, Ray Walsh, and Kathleen Harrison.

QUEEN'S: "Gervaise." Maria Schell in the film that made her great. Top prestige cinema for mature audiences only.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Story of Esther Costello." A great film of a great book

of a great expose of charity fraud. Heather Sears, Joan Crawford, and Rossano Brazzi.

LEE & ASTOR: "All Mine to Give." A sad story of the pioneering days in the States. Glynis Johns, Cameron Mitchell, Rex Thompson, and Tatty McCormack.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The March Hare." British comedy of horses, Ireland, Irish whiskey, faeries, and an American heiress.

ALHAMBRA: "Yankee Bridge." The story of China's proud engineering feat.

COMING

STAR & METROPOLE: "Spring Reunion." Betty Hutton in a great new role, with Dana Andrews and Jean Hagen.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Lone Star." Three stars in the Lone Star State. Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Broderick Crawford.

QUEEN'S: "The Lady Killers." Alce Guinness, Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, and Katie Johnson. Also in the same programme, "The Red Balloon," a French fantasy.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Tin Star." An adaptation from the novel that put the

great in Westerns. Henry Fonda and Anthony Perkins.

LEE & ASTOR: "Campbell's Kingdom." A terrific drama set in the Canadian Rockies. Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, Michael Craig, and Barbara Murray.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's." A crazy story about this night-mare school, but heaps of fun by the way. Terry Thomas, George Cole, and Joyce Grenfell.

ALHAMBRA: The management have decided to continue "Yankee Bridge" for a season.

HOOVER · LIBERTY

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★ COMMENCING TO-MORROW ★



Special Matinee To-morrow : Reduced Admission
HOOVER AT 12.00 NOON : LIBERTY AT 12.30 P.M.
Ronald Colman : Kirk Douglas
Edna May Oliver : Elna Marshall
"A TALE OF TWO CITIES" : "THE INDIAN FIGHTER"

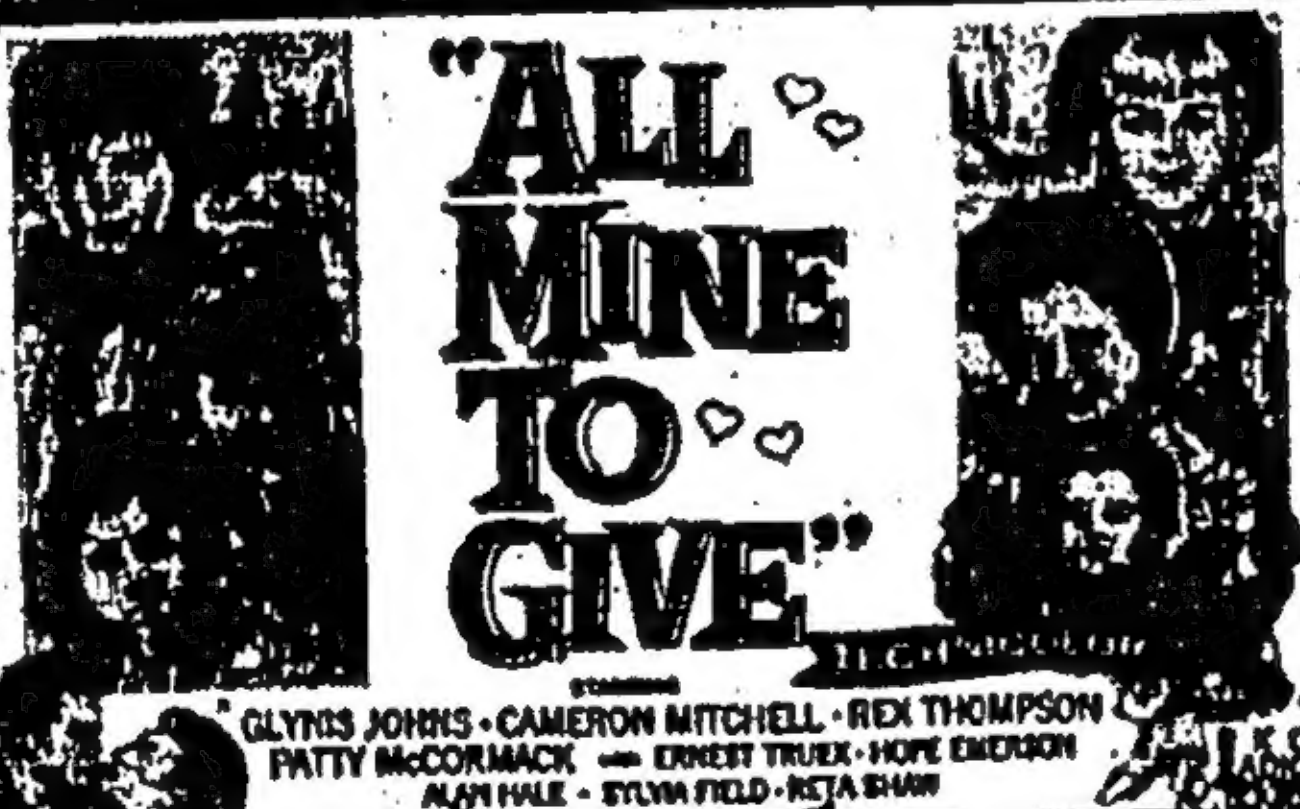
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4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SIX KIDS ON A TRUE AND WONDERFUL ADVENTURE!



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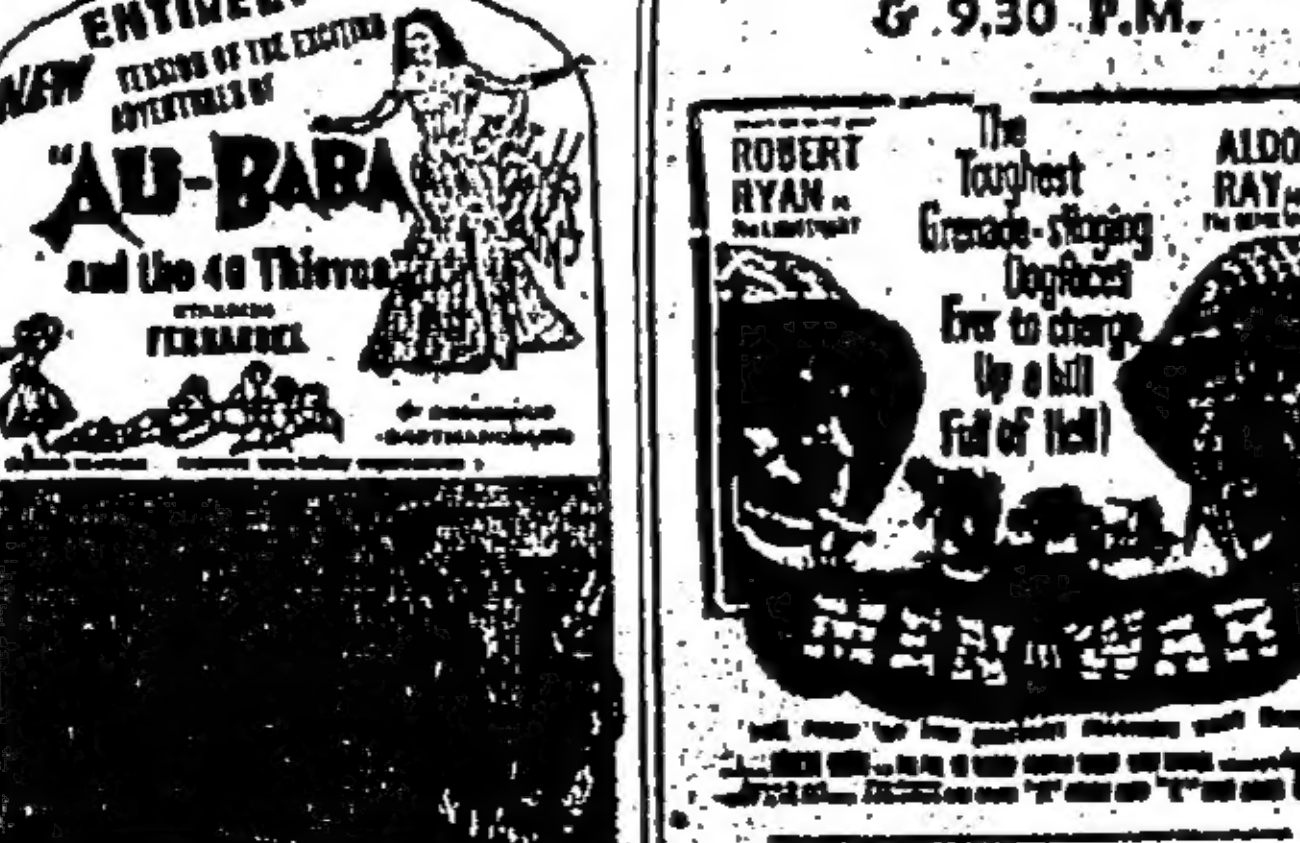
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 Noon
Bud ABBOTT
Lou COSTELLO
in
"A & C IN THE NAVY"
At Reduced Prices
40 cts., 70 cts. & \$1.00
ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
from FOX
At 12.30 p.m.
JANE POWELL in
"SEVEN BRIDES FOR
SEVEN BROTHERS"
CinemaScope-Color
At Reduced Prices
70 cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 11.30 a.m.
JUDY GARLAND in
"WIZARD OF OZ"
in Technicolor
To-Morrow Special Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"ATTACK"

SHOWING QUEEN'S TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

EMILE ZOLA'S
MASTERPIECE!

"Gervaise"
WILL HAUNT YOU-



FORTHE REST
OF YOUR LIFE

STARRING
MARIA SCHELL
(M-G-M'S LATEST DISCOVERY)

• SUNDAY MORNING SHOW •
AT 11.30 A.M.

W.B. presents
JOHN WAYNE in
"HONDO"

ROXY & BROADWAY

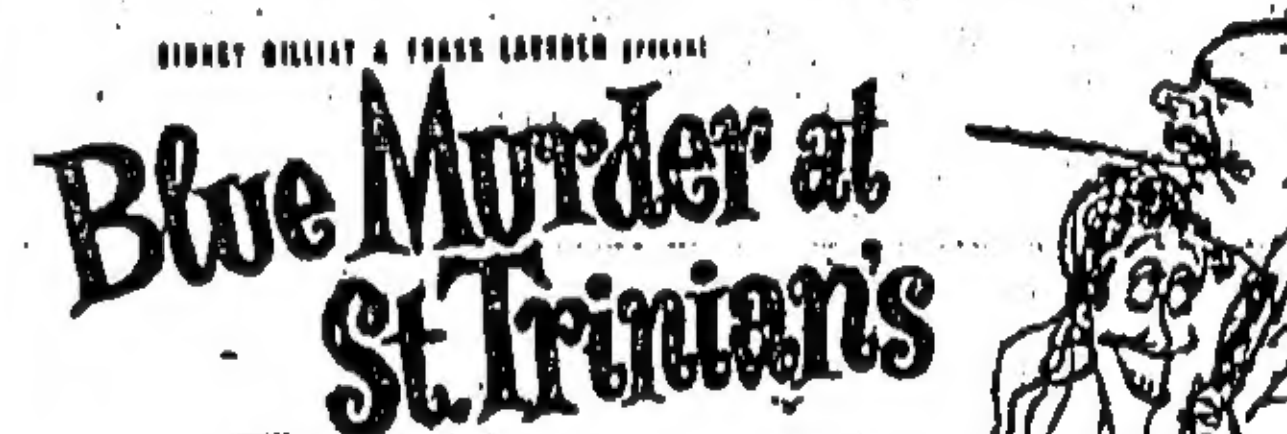
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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A BIG STAR TEAM IN GREAT COMEDY HIT!



CinemaScope BRITISH LION FILMS
A 20th Century-Fox Release

★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★
THE YEAR'S BIGGEST LAUGH HIT! IT'S CRAZY!
IT'S HILARIOUS! IT'S A RIOT!



BRITISH LION FILMS

A 20th Century Fox Release
BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 11.30 a.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
in CinemaScope & Color
"THE MAN IN THE GREY
FLANNEL SUIT"
Starring: Gregory PECK
Jennifer JONES
— At Reduced Prices —
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
Danny KAYE in
"ON THE RIVIERA"
in Technicolor

ALHAMBRA

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Peter's 'walk' stretched 14,000 miles

London.
ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Peter Morris always walked to school—almost two miles from his cliff-top home to the centre of Auckland, New Zealand. He left at the same time each morning and he always arrived a few minutes before school began. Until one spring morning three months ago.

That day his walk turned into a journey of 14,000 miles that became a three-month headache to a Prime Minister and a nightmare to his parents.

To Peter it was all just a great adventure.

It began on October 1 last year. Peter met his grandmother, 67-year-old Mrs. Edna Bishop, at a bus stop near his home.

She smiled, took him by the hand, and hailed a taxi. It was such a nice day, she said—just right for a holiday.

The 'Holiday'

The "holiday" covered six countries, by air, land, and sea. Peter, still clutching his homework satchel, followed his runaway grandmother without protest for a week after week as they kept a more jumpy ahead of the international police.

The route they followed was Auckland—Sydney—Perth—Dunkirk—Colais—Folkestone—London.

As they travelled, Peter's parents sent frantic cables to friends in Australia and Britain. As the days became weeks they appealed for help to Cabinet Ministers, the Governor-General, and the Prime Minister of New Zealand.

The "holiday" ended when Scotland Yard detectives met Peter and his grandmother in London.



PETER MORRIS
'Jolly Good Fun'

—But John Ended Up In Hospital

London.
A mother sat by the hospital bed of her dangerously ill six-year-old son last week and prayed that he would never want to adventure again.

For Mrs. Elizabeth Hacking the fear of three years, had happened. Last week her son John, a boy with the wanderlust of his sailor father in his smiling eyes, ran away again.

He had done it a hundred or more times before, sometimes as often as three times a week.

Nothing Mrs. Hacking could do would stop him wandering. He just went off on his tricycle or caught a train.

Always police brought him back. Always Mrs. Hacking feared something would happen to him.

John was staying at a hotel for three weeks to see if a cure could be found. But on his way back from school the adventure bug seized him again.

Unconscious

He walked into a station and on to a train. He was found later lying unconscious with a fractured skull beside the track near Wood Street Station, Walthamstow, after a carriage door was seen swinging open.

In Whipps Cross Hospital, Leytonstone, as he waited for an emergency operation, his mother sat holding his hand.

Mrs. Hacking of Maryland Square, Stratford, who is expecting a baby, said: "He is a good boy and very happy but not all the gates and fences in the world can stop him when he gets this urge to go off."

NO CRACKLING SWEET PAPERS HERE

Liverpool.
A Liverpool cinema has introduced a "charter" to protect patrons from late arrivals, crackling sweet papers and smoke in the auditorium.

Under the "charter" no one is allowed to enter the cinema while a film is in progress—there are brief intervals between films for entrances and exits. Sweet papers are no longer offered for sale and smoking has been banned.

The programme also avoids films that glorify war, films of violence and horror, and films making an exaggerated sex appeal.

There are no news reels either—United Press.

General Gets A Whim To Climb A Chimney

Sandhurst.
THE Army staff car swept to a halt. There was a flurry of smart salutes. Then the general got out and began to climb the boiler-house chimney.

Major-General R. W. Urquhart, Commandant at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, was satisfying a whim.

He wanted to be the man to knock the first brick off the 115-foot boiler-house chimney, now being demolished after 45 years.

ARMY DENIMS

Several hundred cadets watched from a respectful distance as the general received a pair of carefully pressed Army denims.

A murmur of surprise greeted the fact that they fitted perfectly, instead of ending in, up the general's leg, as denims usually do.

Then he was off. Ten minutes later his red-banded cap appeared over the smoke-blackened chimney rim. A rugged cheer came from the crowd as the general bent and lifted a loose brick.

At the bottom there were more salutes. A batman took the general's denims. Off swept the staff car to bear the general back to his house.

Smallest Wife In The World?



Mrs. Jean Ryan, 42, of Frankston, Australia, claims to be the smallest wife in the world. She is just three feet two inches in height and is married to 43-year-old Peter Ryan, who is five feet nine inches.

She has a daughter Lynette, 10, by a former marriage and she is only half an inch taller than her mother.

Mrs. Ryan is the youngest of her family—three of her

brothers are over six feet and one is five feet nine inches. Mother and daughter are often taken for "little sisters".

The 38-inch wife rides about on a specially constructed 10-inch bicycle and uses an especially low-built refrigerator.

Her husband, who is a deep sea diver with the Adelaide Harbour Board, met his wife through a hospital radio programme—Keystones.

Will Power—And A Wife MOCK PILLS MADE MEN CUT SMOKING

London.
Sixty men and women who wanted to stop smoking were given "anti-smoking" pills. All looked alike. But while some contained drugs designed to stop the smoking habit, others were just placebo—sugar pills.

Yet the results were identical! "This proves that drugs are valueless in stopping smoking. Only will-power can do it," said the doctor who organised the experiment.

He is Dr. William Gordon White, senior medical officer at Morris Motors, Oxford. His "smoke-pills" were 60 Morris workers.

"I gave them some tablets and told them to take two every four hours," Dr. White said. "All the tablets looked the same. But some contained lobeline, some contained copper sulphate, and some were placebo. Copper sulphate is supposed to make cigarettes taste unpleasant and cure smokers by giving them nausea."

Lobeline, a drug derived from an American herb, is claimed to make a smoker lose all desire for a cigarette—without any unpleasant effects.

Dr. White went on: "At the end of a fortnight I found that one in four of my volunteers had either cut out smoking completely or reduced it drastically—regardless of which pills they had been given."

"I found that over half were smoking less, and just under a quarter had not responded at all—again, regardless of which pills they took."

Dr. White summed up: "There is no short cut. If you want to give up smoking you have simply got to make up your mind to do it."

Dr. White used to smoke 30 cigarettes a day, but gave up five years ago. By will-power "and the encouragement of my wife." — Express Service.

RED LOVE, MARRIAGE and the LURE OF ROUBLES

From Moscow comes the cautionary tale of a Mr. Sorokin and a stolen overcoat. It was told originally to the magistrates and reported by Police Court Reporter by Levinson in the "Vechnaya Moskva" (Moscow Evening News, price 20 kopeks—about 2d.).

THE only person in the factory cloak-room at the time was a Mr. Mikhail Sergeyevich Sorokin, an engineering specialist and laboratory chief, about 50 years of age.

The factory spokesman said it was impossible to accuse Mr. Sorokin of such a crime. He was a man of substance. He had his own motor-car and 10,000 roubles in the bank, the police were told.

Nevertheless, the missing coat was found in Mr. Sorokin's garage. He was taken to court.

There Mrs. Sorokin came into the story. She had complained that her husband's pay-pocket had been cut by half. Worried, she had gone to the factory to make inquiries.

Deception

There she had learned that her husband was deceiving her. He had fallen in love with a young and pretty waitress. By coincidence presents and outings for the waitress cost him more than half his salary.

Mrs. Sorokin put a stop to that. She arranged that the whole of his earnings should be paid direct to her.

This did not suit the pretty waitress. She coddled towards Mr. Sorokin. He had stolen the coat to raise money to please her.

The court sentenced him to six years' imprisonment reduced to three because of a recent amnesty.

Deduction

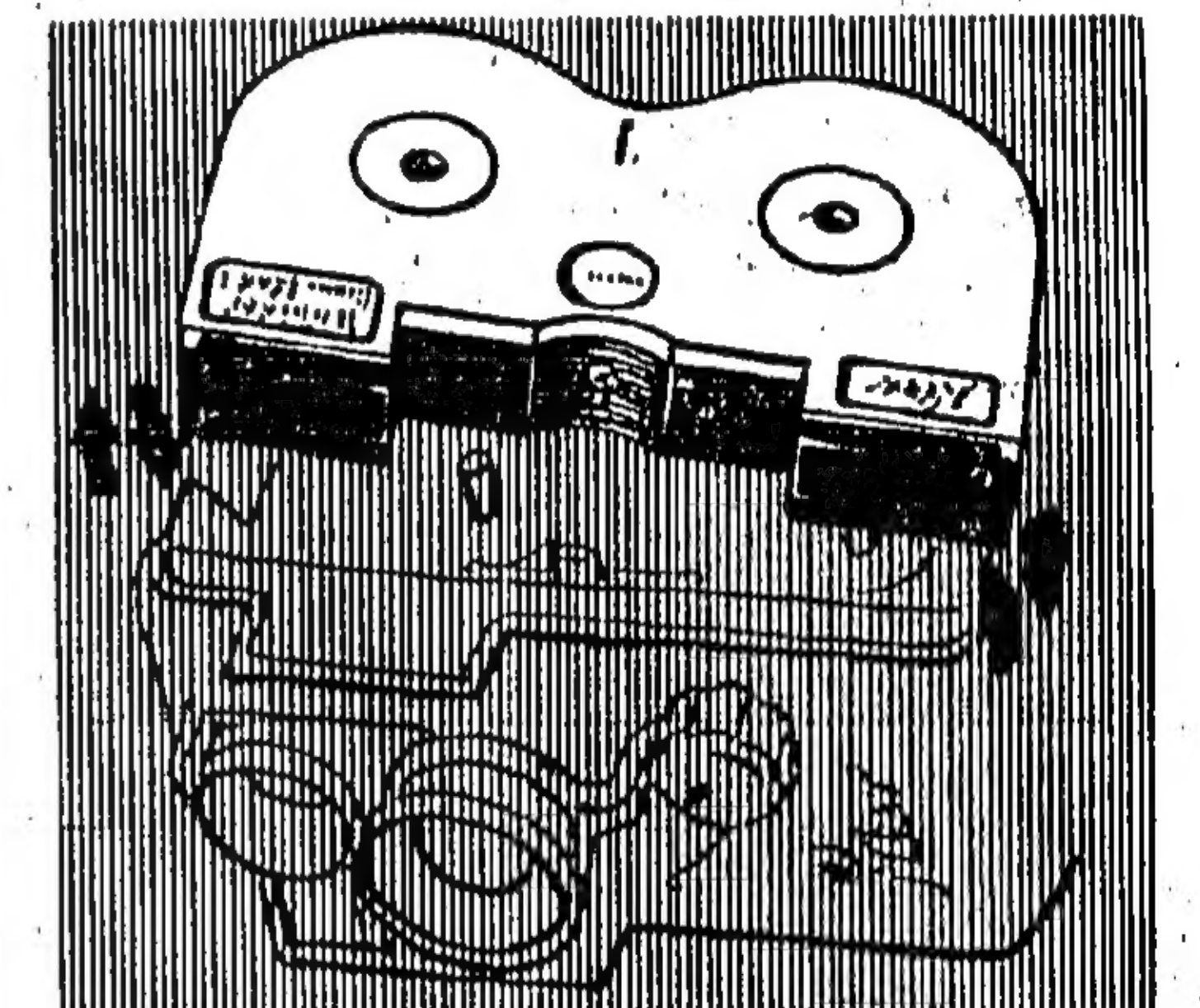
Last week Western observers were discussing the case, and the sentence by newly-elected magistrates.

Mr. Sorokin was described in court as a man with a clean record. Three years is stiff for a first offence. Is free love in Russia on the way out?

What, too, of Mr. Sorokin's little nest-egg of about £400? Has Capitalism been restored to the Soviet Union?

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These Boys Build Own Classroom

Derby.
The boys of Risley Hall approved school, near here, are soon to build themselves a single-storey block of six classrooms.

They have already built their own gymnasium, carpenter's shop and drawing office, as well as erecting houses for two members of the staff and modernising a number of cottages in the school grounds. Mr. Cyril Cooper, the headmaster, said that it would take about two years to build the classroom, and would save the school about £7,000—United Press.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Oliver Messel, friend and painter of Buganda's Kabaka, gives the finishing touches to his picture of "King Freddy."



LEFT: Horace, son of Mrs. (5ft 2in 10stone) Corker weighed 15 lb at birth.

RIGHT: Like the dress? It's made of wall paper. Polly Joffries sells the stuff in Liverpool.



FRIEND OR FOE?

LEFT: Three-year-old Linda Chalk was responsible for the reunion of her mother and father in Liverpool Divorce Court. Now she is on her way to Hongkong with father, Army Staff Sergeant John Chalk, and mother Barbara.



Polla victim Christina Perrott (16) has just passed her General Certificate of Education. Now she wants to study painting—holding the brush in her teeth.



Run-away lovers Tessa Kennedy (19—shipping helress) and play boy Dominic Elwes before their surprise flight to a wedding in the Dutch West Indies.



Because of the snow which struck Western Europe, officials in the International Monte Carlo Rally predicted that no more than 100 out of the 302 starters would finish the race. Here is the first car to arrive in France from the Glasgow starting point, seen passing the customs at Boulogne.

LEFT: Britain's newest Quads at home. London dockers Bill Bennett and wife Mary pose with the six-week-old additions (all back at last from their incubators) to their Stepney home.

RIGHT: Rosemary Phillips (19), with the Windmill Theatre which specialises in nude revues gets a prize... "Windmill Girl of the Year." Why? Because she kept calm and did not move when a man climbed on the stage and tried to grab her while she was posing in the "altogether". Had she moved there could have been trouble for the management. In Britain nudes may be shown in public only if they remain rock still.

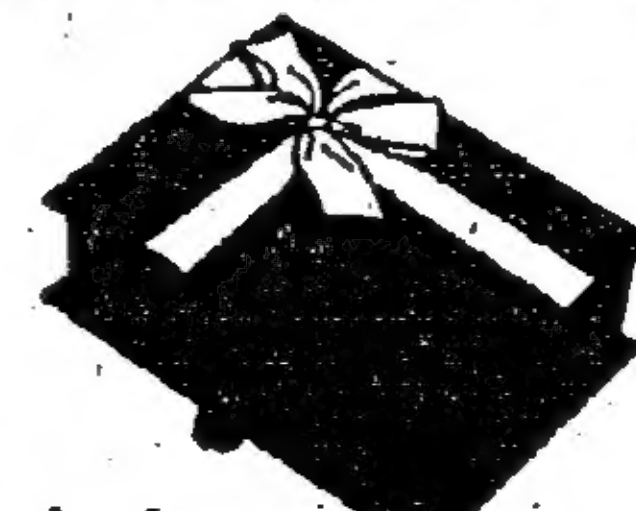


NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

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EXPRESS PICTURES



"Forgive the correction, but I'm NOT a ——— Monte Carlo Rallyist cluttering up the highway. I'm an examiner and this is Mrs. Farquharson-Smith about to fail her test."

Giants of Sport

No. 4

BRABAZON man of speed

by Eric Nicholls



THEY called him, as they call him now, the Granddaddy of Sport. He has been a Colonel, Member of Parliament, racing motorist, yachtsman, scientist, air pilot, winter sportsman, chess expert, and industrialist.

He is Lord Brabazon of Tara, Man of Speed.

John Theodore Culbert Moore-Brabazon, M.C., is 73. It is a wonder he has lived so long. For as an adventurer—in sport and politics—danger has been his constant companion.

Instead of spending his old age in a club armchair, behind an unread newspaper, "Brab" goes off in search of speed. Nowadays, he finds it once a year on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz, where only last year he chalked up yet another speed victory.

He averaged 40 miles an hour down the three-quarter mile course to win the handicap. His nearest rival was 19 years old. And the nearest in age, 40.

There have never been any armchairs and slippers in the life of Lord Brabazon. He prefers a crash helmet, knee protectors, big boots, and metal-backed gloves to slippers; lying head first on a small steel "skeleton" toboggan to sitting in an armchair.

He knows every inch of the course. He has been down the Cresta every year, excluding the wars, since 1907, and has no thoughts of retiring from this exhausting pastime. In fact, he sets aside part of his annual holiday to make sure he gets there.

His comments after his victory last year are typical of the man.

What then, had this "budding sportsman" to say after his amazing victory? "Well, you know, my boy, (he was speaking to a man over 40) 'I think my success was due to a certain devil-may-care feeling on the first run down."

"This was my first run this year. One usually makes a run or two before the handicap. But this year I did not do so. As a general rule, the first run in the handicap is taken more slowly, you know, feeling the way and all that."

"But I let her rip and made a very good speed. That helped me in the handicap over the three runs and built up my time tremendously to make me the winner."

And what did Lord Brabazon think of his competitors?

"Dashed good lot of riders this year, my boy. Dashed good."

Lord Brabazon doesn't go in for scratch racing any more. "I cannot get off as well as I did when I was younger. You see you have to go ten feet behind the starting line, push like hell and then throw yourself flat on your machine. With my fat stomach I cannot do that any more."

Brab, recently had thoughts of competing in stock car racing, which he described as giving you a "funny kind of pleasure."

"You feel it is the sort of thing you would like to do in the middle of Piccadilly when you are in a bad temper," he said.

For the Brabazon philosophy is: have as many hobbies as you can, and never be afraid of making a fool of yourself. And Brab has always practised what he preaches. He believes that many Englishmen never do anything useful because they are afraid of being laughed at when they begin.

Not so with him. Forty-seven years ago he took into the air over Kent what was little more than a string bag with an engine attached. He crashed, but he had flown 500 yards, and had gained Pilot Certificate No. 1.

He boasts the registration number FLY 1 on his car as a reminder of the days when, although men laughed, he helped to begin an era.

Nothing was more hazardous in these early days than his circular mile flight in an all-English machine in 1909 (for which he won a £1,000 prize) or his victory in the Circuit des Ardennes motor race in 1907.

But then a new instrument of speed in the form of a new toy in the hands of Lord Brabazon—something that must be experimented with.

It has always been so. Appropriately, therefore, the world's largest aircraft—the 130-ton Bristol Brabazon—was named after him.

There is nothing of the sporting playboy about him. He is chief of the Associated Commercial Vehicles group. President of the Royal Institution,

a past chairman of the Royal Aero Club, past president of the Royal Aeronautical Society, a former Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport.

A personality, yes. But one who instead of seeking praise for himself admires the achievements of others. He has often said he would gladly have given his life for Sir Winston Churchill ("For whom I was Parliamentary Private Secretary"); for Lord Trenchard ("Under whom I served as a junior and inefficient officer") or for golf writer Bernard Darwin ("The great and lovable").

Ask Lord Brabazon which of the many activities in a crowded life has given him the greatest pleasure and he will reply without a second's hesitation, "Golf!"

He was the first man to haul a golfer's trolley on a course in Britain. And, in 1952, the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews honoured him by electing him their captain.

A strangely quiet and sedate sport for one who ballooned from the Battersea Gas Works, and drove in the first race at Brooklands.

But his most useful activities have undoubtedly been as an air pioneer, as one of those bold young men who helped to conquer the skies.

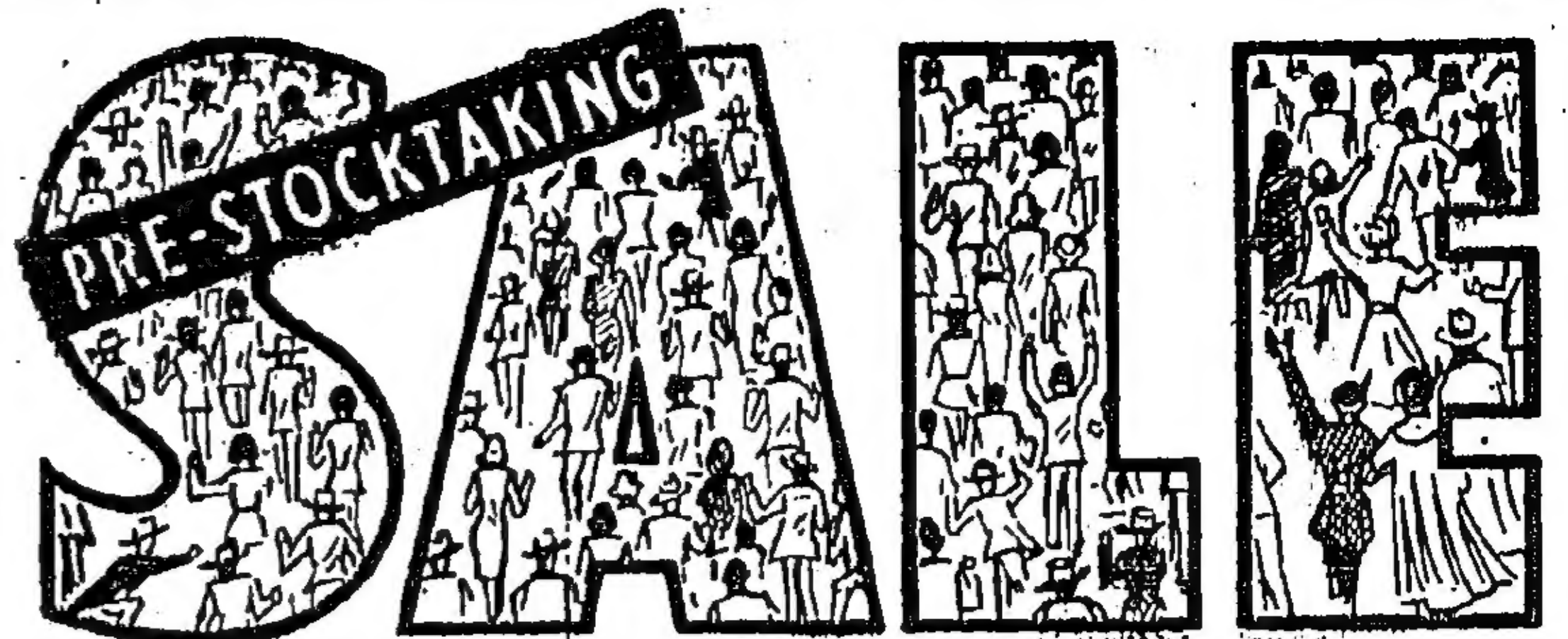
He played a leading part in the development of civil aviation; pioneered the air mail service; was responsible for Britain's daring use of aerial photography during World War I. His efforts earned him the Military Cross, the Legion of Honour, and three mentions in despatches.

In World War II he played an even more vital role—as Minister of Transport and then Minister of Aircraft Production. For his services to the nation he was created a Baron in 1942.

Ironically, he no longer likes air travel (he suffers from air-sickness in the much smoother modern machines) and always journeys by boat and train to his annual rendezvous with a bob sleigh at St. Moritz.

But he is still fascinated by engines and takes an intense interest in the design and development of aircraft.

And what will Lord Brabazon do when he retires? "I intend to sail for America to become butler to a wealthy family. Failing that, I shall become a butler in the firm."



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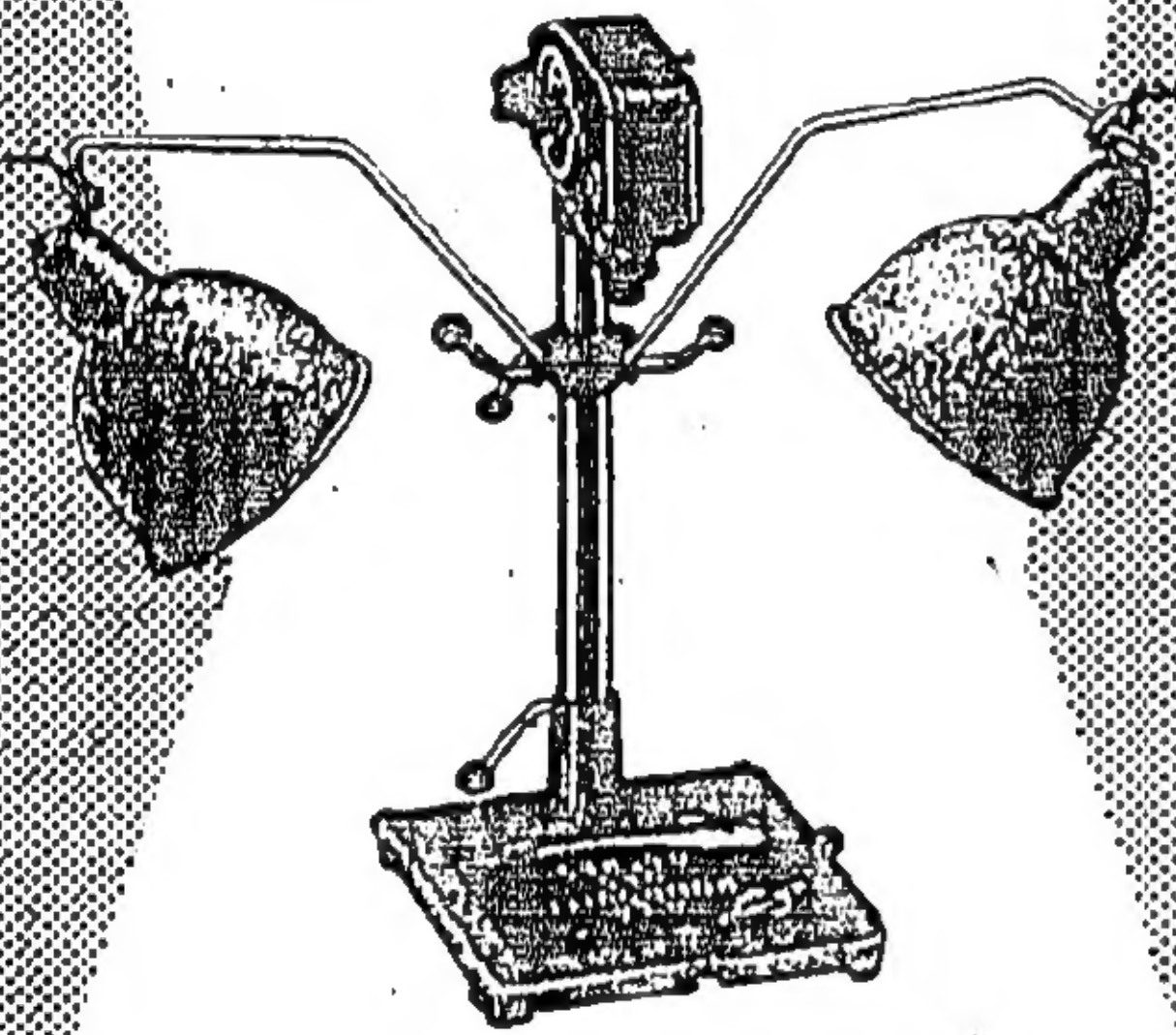
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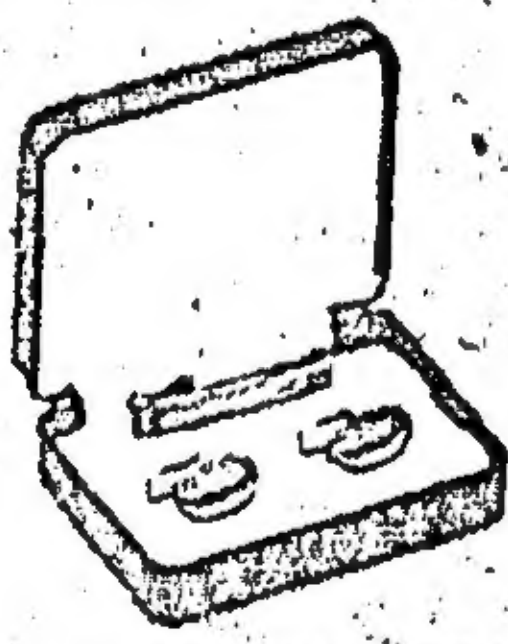
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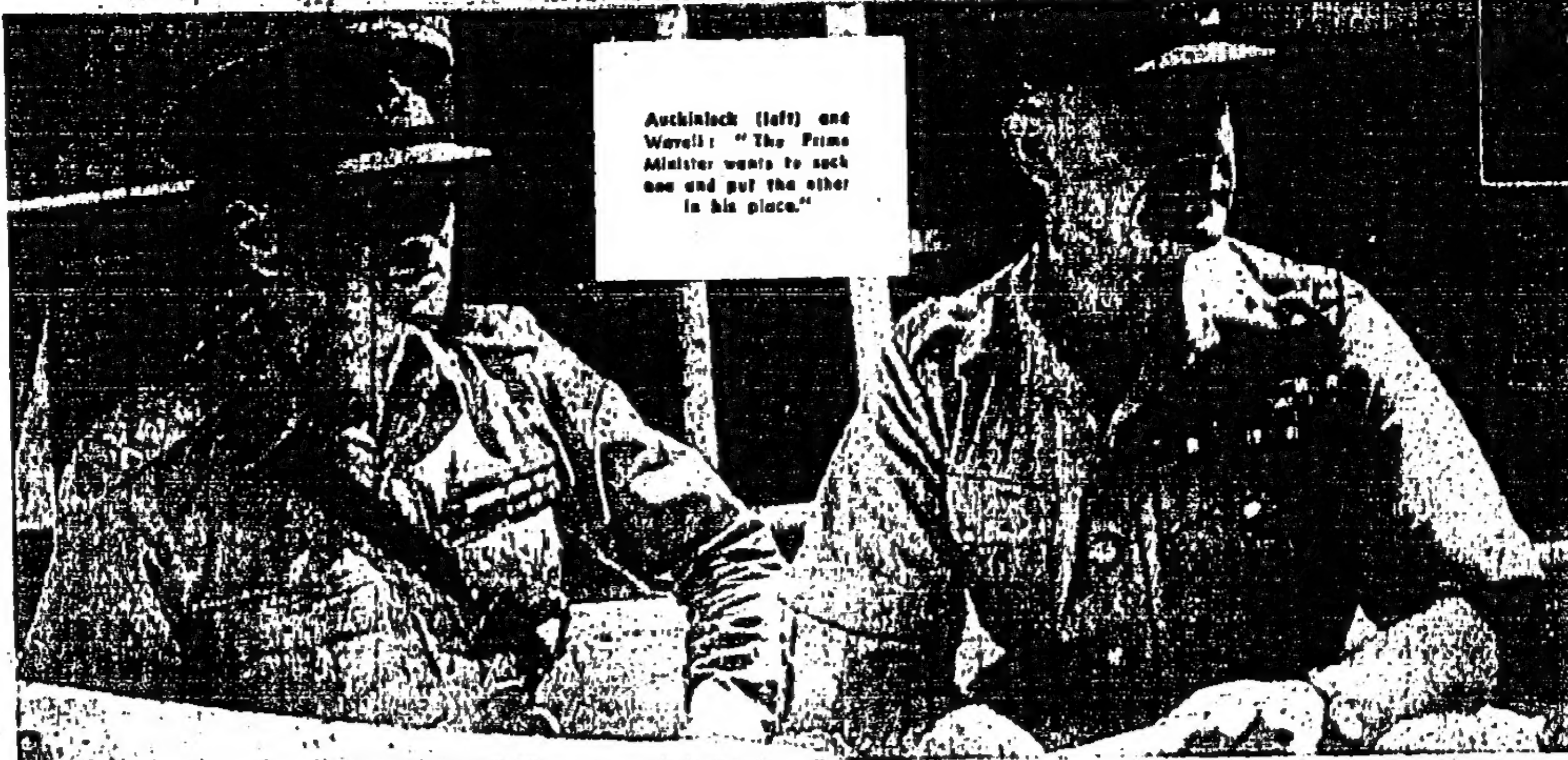
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Avonleigh (left) and Wavell: "The Prime Minister wants to sack me and put the other in his place."

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

WINSTON QUOTES LLOYD GEORGE:

HE could not get rid of Haig

It could not be denied that some of the performances of our soldiers had been distinctly poor. But Churchill could never make allowance for the fact that it took three years to train and equip an army; he preferred to abuse the generals, sometimes with justice, often without.

Someone, about this time, said, "I don't see how we can win the war without Winston, but, on the other hand, I don't see how we can win it with him." Professor Butler, writing of this period, says of the Prime Minister, "He was too much inclined to consider boldness a sufficient qualification for high command." With that post-war observation of an historian, we would all have heartily agreed at the time; but let me make it crystal clear that we never ceased to be aware of his stature, or to feel other than deeply privileged to serve him.

He towered over us all like a Colossus; but this would not be a true account of the atmosphere in which I saw the Prime Minister, if I were to shrink from recording our feelings at the time, and the effects of his constant budgeon-strokes on our daily work.

—(London Express Service).

Next week: Churchill's taunts kept US on our toes

ON May 2, 1941, our forces were out of Greece and, according to our information, 45,000 or more men had been taken off, out of 60,000. But all the heavy equipment was lost.

In the desert, the Germans were attacking Tobruk, and had penetrated a big sector of the defences.

General Wavell was uneasy about the defence of Crete; the Iraqis were shelling our airfield at Habbaniyah; and Malta had been heavily bombed, with much damage to shipping and to the harbour.

The whole situation in the Mediterranean had, in fact, deteriorated with extraordinary rapidity. If the Germans had concentrated on the Middle East for the next few months, it is very doubtful whether we could have held it. But Hitler, with his Russian plans, was about to come to our aid, as he so often did at critical moments of the war.

At this time, criticism of Churchill was bitter and general, and it was said that all was not well with the machinery of the military control of the war. The gist of the criticisms was that we were living from hand to mouth on a diet of improvisation and opportunism; that no clear-cut military appreciations were being laid before the War Cabinet, for their discussion and approval or rejection; that from their very inception, military opinions were being distorted and coloured by the formidable advocacy of the Prime Minister; in fact, that he was not only advocate but witness, prosecutor and judge. He was also criticised for sending personal directives to the Commanders-in-Chief without professional advice; and for exhausting the Chiefs-of-Staff to the point of danger.

Among the most outspoken of his critics was Sir Menzies, who was still in London. I never discussed the higher control of the war with him, but I often heard him pronouncing on it, and putting into words what many of us felt in our hearts, that only Churchill's magnificent and courageous leadership compensated for his deplorable strategic sense. When he heard Churchill describing Wavell's plan for a possible evacuation of Egypt as "defeatist," Menzies said to him that a general who had not thought of this would not be fit for his job.

Churchill had spoken to Menzies also about the poor performance of our troops on various occasions. "He does not seem to realise," said Menzies, "that men without proper equipment, and with nothing but rifles, do not count in modern war—after all, we are not living in the age of Omdurman."

I met Lord Hankey one morning on my way to the War Office; he was one of the wisest

* NOTE—According to agency messages, Sir Menzies denied he had ever said "defeatist" or indirectly that Sir Winston Churchill had a deplorable strategic sense.

men I knew and the repository of many confidences. I told him that many of us were thoroughly uneasy at the way the machine was running; and he replied that I was the fourth person near the centre of things to tell him that in the course of a few days.

He said it had been the same, in some ways, with Lloyd George in the 1914-18 war; but Lloyd George, though a rogue elephant, had had two steady old elephants to push him in the right direction, in the shape of Smuts and Milner.

I know that Hankey, and I believe that Menzies, both tackled the Prime Minister direct concerning his methods of conducting the war; but they cannot have made any headway; for the procedure remained unchanged, and the struggle be-

drafted a telegram to Wavell, to tell him how he should defend Crete. He also asked us to produce detailed plans for the occupation of Syria, and many hours were wasted on this because we did not possess detailed knowledge of the dispositions of the troops in Wavell's command. For some reason, he would not ask Wavell, whose business it was, to produce the plan. By the end of the week everyone was worn out by this futile work.

On May 10 the Germans launched their attack on Crete, and things were looking ominous in Syria.

After lunching the Prime Minister sent for Dill to come to Downing Street and "have a cup of coffee and a cigar"

between personalities continued, with Churchill always in the ascendant, until Sir Alan Brooke became Chief of the Imperial General Staff at the end of the year. Meanwhile, he continued to play Tom Tiddler's Ground across the dividing line which should properly separate the sphere of the statesman and that of the technical advisers. Often, as in the matter of the reinforcement of the Middle East, he was proved abundantly right;

but we sometimes longed for a leader with more balance and less brilliance. On the morning of May 8, when I went to see Sir John Dill, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, he said: "There is a serious matter to be settled today. The Prime Minister wants to sack Wavell and put General Auchinleck into the Middle East."

"Dill intended to tell him that, since it was obvious that he had lost confidence in Wavell, it was right that he should get rid of him; that he, himself, had not lost confidence, but that the Prime Minister was the man who mattered."

I said that, on reflection, I thought it would be a mistake to sack Wavell—it would shake public confidence, and it might appear that he was being made a scapegoat. Dill told me later that the Prime Minister was infuriated by the advice he gave him—"You must back him or sack him."

During the following week the Prime Minister abandoned for the moment his talk of sacking Wavell. He was concentrating on details of the dispositions of forces in Crete, Tobruk and East Africa. He sent to the War Office for information, but many of the particulars he required we could not supply. In the end he

(from Britain, which in the summer of 1941, the soldiers still expected Hitler to invade) Winston was dead right. It is true that the Prime Minister turned out to be wrong when he kept pressing General Wavell to launch an offensive in the Western Desert, against that Commander's own sound judgment. But the Chiefs of Staff in Whitehall themselves shared in this error, as the reader will see later (in instalment 5) the C.I.G.S. himself admitted.

So who was trespassing on Tom Tiddler's ground on this occasion? —(London Express Service).

BY MAJ GEN SIR JOHN KENNEDY
Director of Military Operations 1940-43, Assistant Chief of Operations and Intelligence 1943-45, Imperial General Staff (Operat.)

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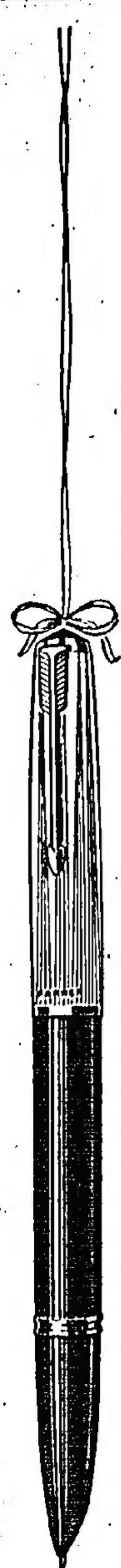
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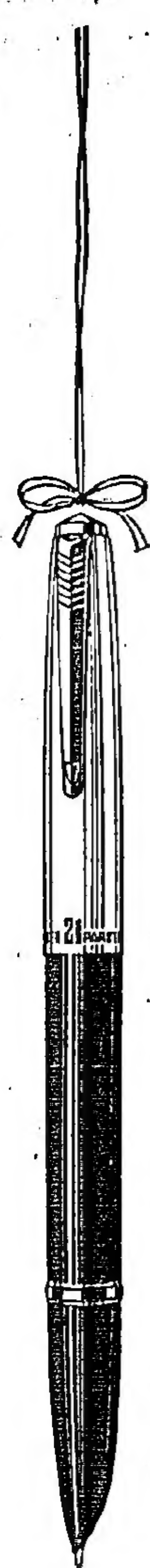
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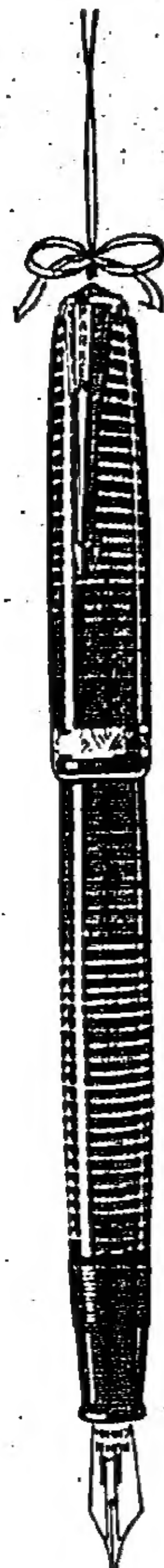
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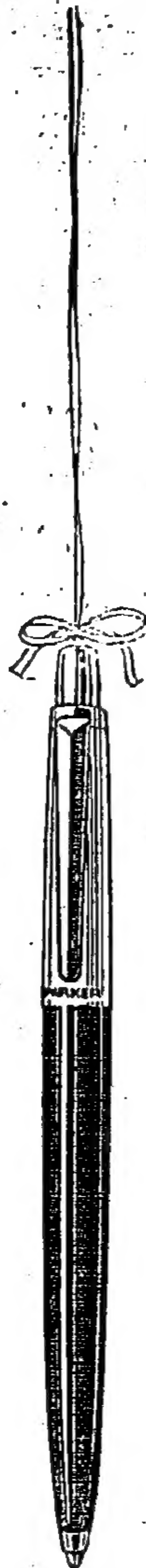
Parker "51" ... the world's most famous pen... time-honored for its excellent quality, craftsmanship and ability to write flawlessly for years.



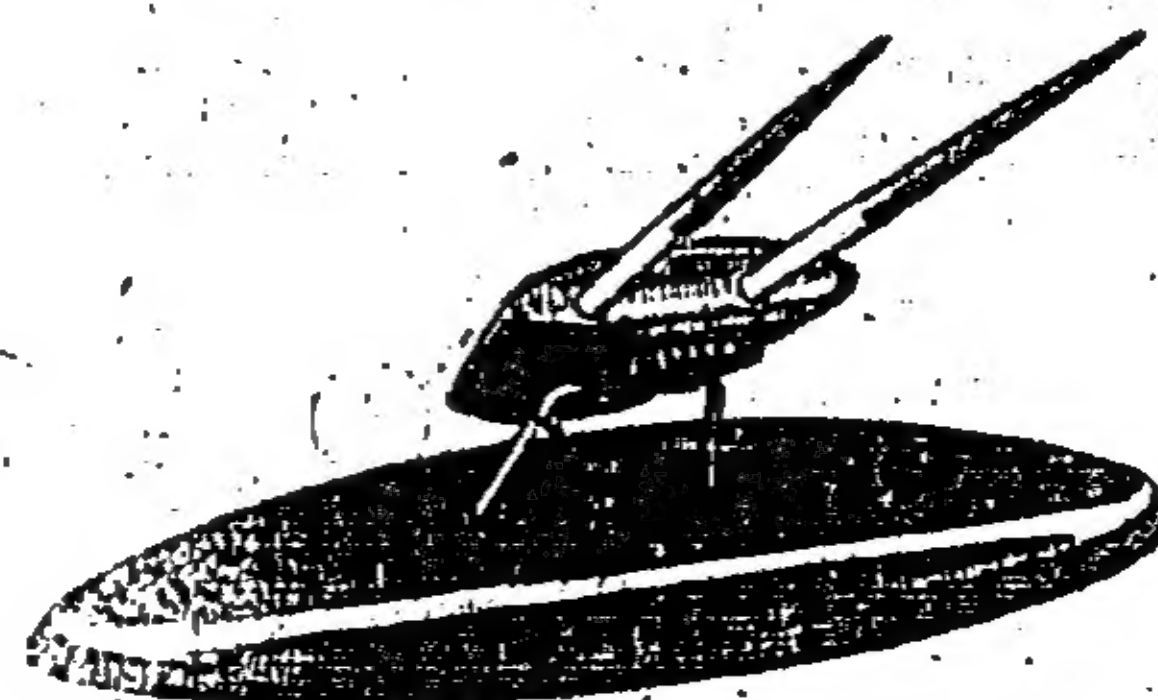
Parker SUPER "21" Newly refined this year! It is superbly designed and constructed for a longer life of smooth writing at a modest cost.



Parker Junior Vacumatic. A pen with unusual laminated styling it is recognized as the fine pen gift in the intermediate price range.



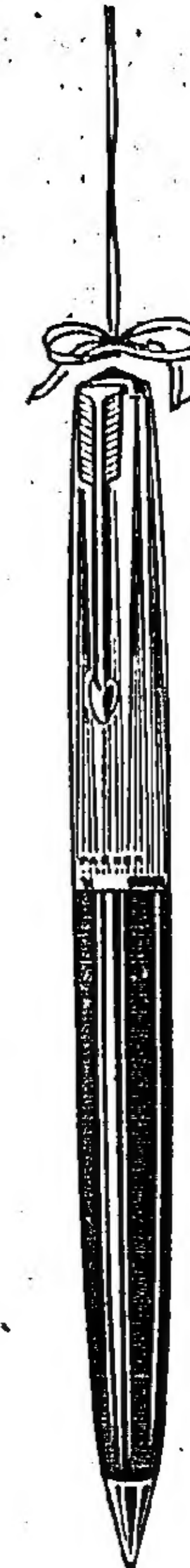
Parker T-BALL Ballpoint writes without skipping... even on glossy paper and over grease stains. Writes longer than 5 ordinary ballpoints.



Parker Ballpoint Desk Set in attractive design for home and office. Available with two ballpoints or ballpoint and LIQUID LEAD pencil.



Parker Single Ballpoint Desk Set



Parker "51" Mechanical Pencil with rotary-type mechanism is styled to match the famous Parker "51" pen. It makes a handsome gift.



Parker "51" Insignia... a beautiful pen with gold-filled barrel and cap. Matching mechanical and LIQUID LEAD pencils also available.

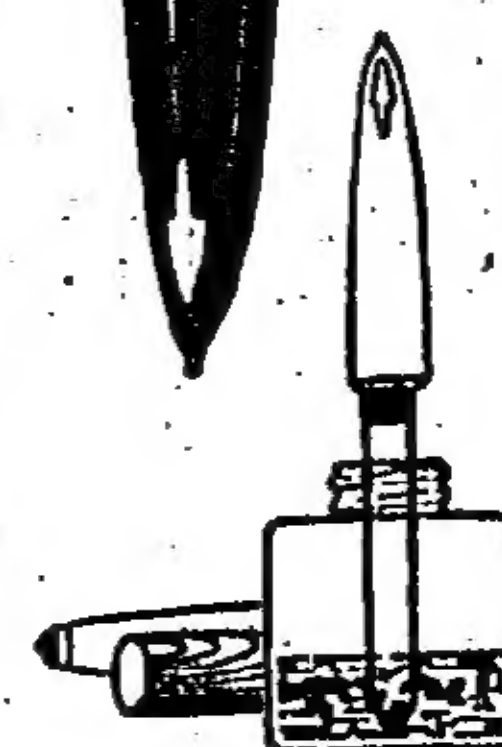


For distinguished gifts—
choose **Parker...**
the world's most wanted pens!

The style, beauty and time-honored quality of Parker writing instruments will express your thoughtfulness on every gift occasion. They are exquisite in taste and flawless in performance... created by master craftsmen to be admired and treasured through the years. For those who appreciate the finest, Parker writing instruments are recognized everywhere as the world's most distinguished gifts.

Parker 61

The luxurious Parker 61 pen is the most advanced concept in fine writing instruments. Unlike any other fountain pen in the world, the Parker 61 fills itself by itself through capillary action alone... it has no moving parts to operate or wear out! Just as remarkable, it fills itself cleanly... requires no wiping. The Parker 61 pen is truly the ultimate in fine pens... incomparable in its simplicity, beauty and performance.



TO FILL THE PARKER 61 PEN... remove the barrel... place the pen upside down in ink... and the 61 fills itself in just seconds. Slowly remove the Parker 61 from the ink, and it is dry and clean... ready to write!

HONGKONG FINISHING SCHOOL

STUDENTS:

Girls from 15 to 20. ANY Nationality accepted.

TIME:

9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m.

CAPACITY ENROLMENT:

120 to 150 students.

TEACHERS:

Principal, 2 Professors, 4 Lecturers.....

4 CLASSES.

SUBJECTS OFFERED:

- (1) SOCIAL SCIENCE: Psychology, Ecology, Sociology, Social Etiquette, Protocol, Social & Business Administration (Committee & Chairmanship).
- (2) MEDICAL SCIENCE: Practical Anatomy & Physiology, Pre-Marriage Problems, Pregnancy, Maternal Child Health, Growth & Development, Nutrition (Practical), Child Training & Psychology, Mental Health (Human Relationships), Feminine Hygiene.
- (3) DOMESTIC SCIENCE: Practical Dietetics & Menu Selection (of Major Cultures), Culinary Art (Table decoration, Recipes, Cookery), Beauty Culture, Dress Designing & Analysis (of Western & Eastern fashions), Occasion Garmentation & Decorum (including Matching & Accessories).
- (4) CULTURAL SCIENCE: Fine Arts (East/West) including Oils, Sculptures & Water Colours, Architecture & Interior Decoration, Music: Instrument/Vocal, Public Speaking: Speech/Diction, Dramatics, Gymnastics, World Literature, Government and Empire with review of Modern World Opinions, Housemanship (household book-keeping, modern electrical and structural management).
- (5) PRACTICE OF LIVING: Outdoor Sports (tennis, golf, horse-riding, fencing, swimming), Indoor Sports (badminton, ballroom dancing, parlour games, and Ju-Jitsu), Modern Travel, Formal Functions, Business Law & Legacies.
- (6) LANGUAGES: Chinese, French, Spanish, and German.
- (7) VOCATIONAL SELECTION: Aptitude test, selection of University and Professions.
- (8) SCHOOL LEAVING CERTIFICATES & MATRICULATION: Available for those who want to take these examinations.

Malayan millions are here

"to train the hand that rocks the cradle"

by WILLIAM SMYLY

NO — this is not an advertisement. The school does not yet exist.

Whether it ever will may depend a little on comments aroused by this article — so keep them gentle.

But the energetic thinker of all these thoughts, designer of the plan, has gone into the scheme to sufficient length to inspect buildings suitable for the project and to discuss the possibilities in detail with officials of the Education Department and with parents of probable pupils.

We were sitting at a table in the Malayan Association Clubhouse, Duddell Street, of which Mr. Rene Young (dentist) is a founder member. Two neat rows of "satsy, one pork, one beef, were stacked in front of saucers with scented chile sauce, and before me steam rose from a huge plate of rice, shrimp, other things, and coconut cream, called Lakshah.

A Judgment

BEHIND the steam Mr. Young told me of the plan which he brings to Hongkong direct from post graduate courses in the United States and Britain, and from an extensive tour of young ladies finishing schools in Switzerland. Behind the steam he was like a light-hearted magician casually blowing up ideas, like smoke rings, just to see their effect. It was hard to tell which of the bubbling ideas in the fertile mind behind his eyes Mr. Rene Young took seriously himself. But one seemed behind the carefree spontaneity a judgment that assayed to a farthing the value, and to a sub-section of a twice amended by-law the feasibility and the delicacy of every snag.

This favourite nephew of Malaya's "Sir Robert Ho Tung" — Sir Tan Cheng Lock sat opposite me at the small table behind clouds from my steaming rice and spun a tale of world citizenship that made the most advanced educational schemes

I had ever heard of sound like unimaginative plodding.

As I dived a spoon into the dish, the voice behind its fragrant cloud recited: "In the West it may be that the common man has an equal chance to rise to be a leader of society. But here in the East let us agree that the rich are rather more likely to succeed to positions of social influence than those born poor. And this situation is not likely to be mended very much in your life time or in mine."

"In these circumstances, don't you agree...."

(Noises of agreement from me indicating mouth full of something very hot.)

"...It is very important for everyone that the potential leaders of society should get the proper training. Men already get a certain amount, though not enough. But many of the women get none. Most of them could afford to learn at the best kind of schools in the world but just do not know of them, and so remain idle at home until the day they are married and plunged into a world they know little about and are not trained for."

★ ★ ★

"Often they cannot make speeches, entertain foreigners, or talk intelligently in any language but their own."

"But there is something far more vital than this... the position of women in society and in the home."

"How can a woman who lives in a world she cannot understand herself bring up children who will be at ease in that world?"

"Either her children will have to go out and find out for themselves, and reject their mother's training, or they will learn only of her limited little world and grow up as strangers in society."

He paused for a moment, taking an ability (that once made him one of the most successful publicity secretaries of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce) for finding a telling catch phrase, and then came out with it: "We must," he said, "train the hand that rocks the cradle."

After that phrase, headlines came galore. Each conjured a new picture of the rich and gracious homes that would, by their influence, blend the ancient cultures of the East with newer ways that invention and a fast contracting, splitting world brings on....

★ ★ ★

"The indispensable mistress of the gracious home...."

"Ultra-gracious graceful living...." "Superior Viere."

"To receive in the most appropriate and gracious way all kinds of visitors...."

"A familiar understanding of the highest standards of human conduct...."

"Community Leaders...."

"Hostesscraft...."

"Polished Representatives of one's people...."

The highest standards of etiquette and social entertainment would be sought in English, Chinese, and other leading national traditions.

Informal Chinese banquets and provincial meals with all their forms and graces would mix in the curriculum with English afternoon tea, silver teapot, kettle, and caddy, and brass table on the lawn... or an American barbecue, Swiss fondue, or a Scandinavian smorgasbush.

The "cookery class" would give place to food knowledge.

Eating would be a science in which all the best dishes of all the world should at least be sampled and recognised.

Sewing... not very popular. But far more important to the modern Miss than learning to be a seamstress—the lady pupils should pick up dress sense; learn a back on which to judge the effectiveness of fashion; and study the choice of colour, texture, and cut, for others and for themselves.

Department... not only balancing books on the head. Let the lady pupils learn associated skills like fencing, riding a horse, dancing, swimming, tennis, and golf.

And let them also have knowledge of a variety of party games as well as a competent performance in the more serious Mah Jong and Bridge.

In languages, let the school offer classes in modern languages, concentrating specially on the spoken usage of polite society... English, French, the Chinese, national language, Spanish, and German.

Travel knowledge would include "Ecology"... the study of cultures, customs, and practices of all peoples, their similarities and variations. And for special groups, let the school organise, for pupils who want to travel, tours to China, Japan, the Pacific Islands, the United States, England, Scandinavia, and Europe. And let the school make contact also with associated Finishing Schools in London, Paris, Geneva, and New York.

One Conclusion

AS he spoke Mr. Rene Young, son of Singapore millions, dental surgeon, newly returned Fulbright scholar with the Harvard Diploma of Public Health, and holder of that university's Gold Key for distinction, author of a Comprehensive Memorandum for the Improvement of Public Health Services in Malaya (requested by the Prime Minister Tan Sri Abdul Rahman) and leader of a Hongkong band for traditional Malay folk music... seemed to have more on his mind than



Rene Young

a man with an Idea for Asia

just another bright idea in a brilliant mind—well stocked.

Could it be that all these facets of a multiple personality were adding up to one conclusion?

Could it have been something to do with five years spent on a poor mission station in the Philippines working as an unpaid 7th Day Adventist missionary?

This period of his life culminated with his posting to the Oral and Dental Department of Bangkok Sanatorium and was followed by a Fulbright scholarship that carried him to Harvard, England, and Switzerland.

It was a period spent closely in contact with the financial heights and depths of his native Orient—an area perhaps seriously in need of enlightened leadership.

Could such training as he has thought of, for such leadership, be one of the things the East needs most? Rich training for the rich? Leader training for leaders?

As the lunch plates were cleared away and another

bottle of Malayan beer, bottled and topped like champagne, was opened I asked Mr. Young two final questions about his school.

"Where do you think such a finishing school could be situated?"

He answered at once, but with a question:

★ ★ ★

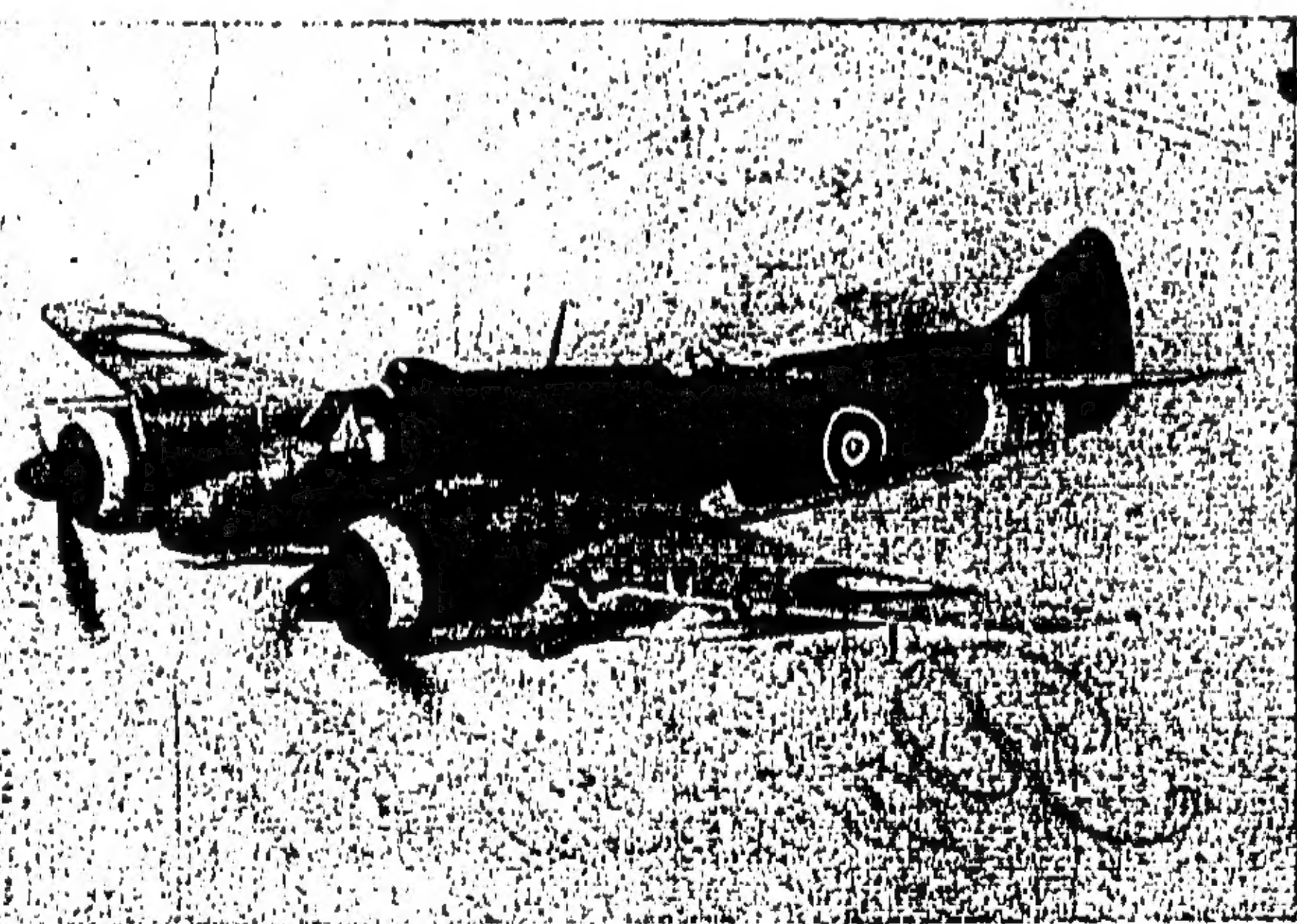
"What would you say to the Foreign Correspondents' Club? I should like a place something like that."

The second question was, "If you could have anyone in the world, who would you choose to be Principal of such a school?"

He thought for a minute, and then said, "Of course, this question is purely hypothetical. If you want to know the sort of lady I think would be the best Principal possible, I would say... Florence K. C. Yeo."

He did, however, add that there are others, very suitable also, and not so far away.

BEAUFIGHTER CRASH



A war-time crash, and the way a Rolex watch survived it, is the subject of Mr. S. W. Martin's letter addressed to The Rolex Watch Co., Ltd., Geneva, Switzerland.

"I bought Rolex Oyster Raleigh No. 162275/3478 in March 1942 in Weyburn, Saskatchewan, where I was serving as a Flying Instructor in the Royal Air Force. The watch was never off my wrist and gave perfect service, but its biggest test came in August 1944, when I was flying Beaufighters in Coastal Command. Returning from a mission, on one engine, I had to crash-land in a small field. It was a pretty rough landing and the Beaus immediately caught fire and blew up. Needless to say I got out as quickly as possible, but suffered burns which kept me

in hospital for nearly a year. Traditionally, the watch should have stopped at the exact time of the crash—the Rolex, following its own traditions, kept going. It ran down normally, and when I was sufficiently interested in things to have it rewound some weeks later, it carried on keeping perfect time. That there is still, eleven years after the crash, an unscarred ring on my left wrist will give you some idea of what the watch survived. The only effect of the intense heat was to slightly shrink and discolour the 'glass'."

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

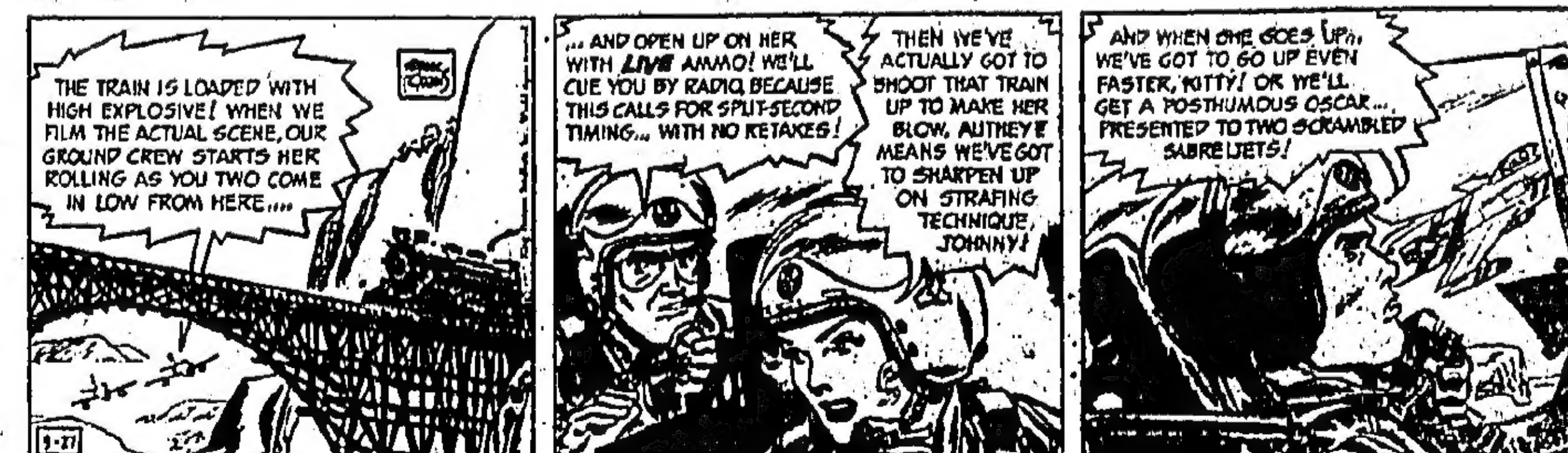
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



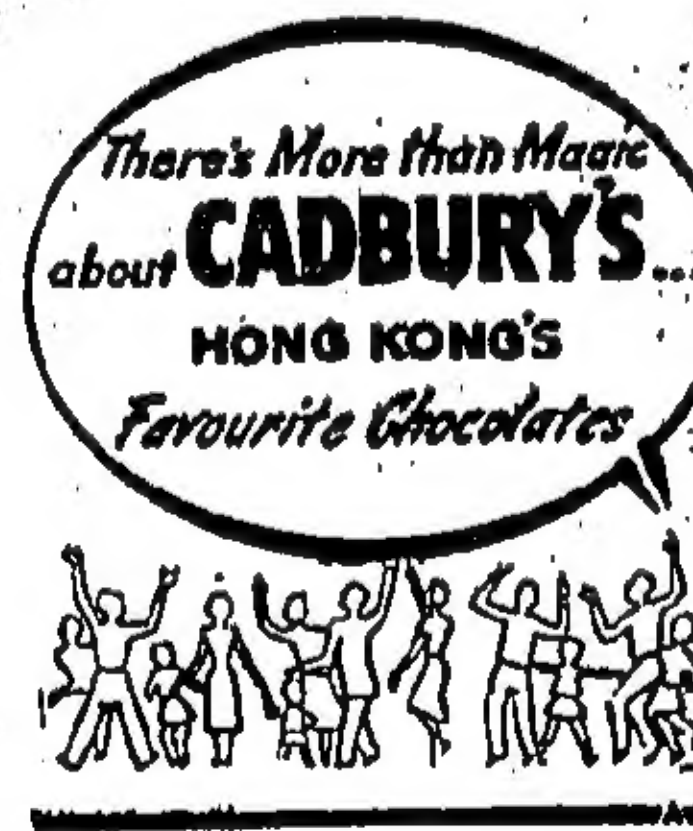
JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



FERD'NAND

By Mik



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE FOR AND AGAINST 'THE SACK'

From France

JACQUES Heim joined the anti-sack line of the new Paris fashion season with a young silhouette that made sophisticated mannequins look like the girl next door.

He re-shaped last season's sack into what he called a "spoon-shaped" silhouette. It was loose and rounded at the back, softly moulded to the feminine form in the front.

Heim, like the other three designers who have shown in the first two days of the week-long spring season, also gave plenty of attention to the waist.

His youthful line also showed plenty of leg.

Heim's hems were 18 inches from the ground. That went for both daytime dresses falling straight down from the hip and for bouffant evening skirts.

He stuck to bloused and rounded shoulders to give a soft-shapely silhouette.

He himself told visitors at the show, "the waist is the pivot from which the model takes shape."

Heim's was the youngest-looking collection so far this season.

"I wish I could wear that," sighed an elderly buyer as a strapless cocktail dress in pale pink organza floated past.

It could have been worn by a teen-ager.

Sophistication and subtlety were not lacking in Heim's collection. But the overall effect was youthful.

Middy-bouss styles got a big play for daytime.

Heim bloused and belted the backs of his dresses, softly pleated his young skirts to give movement to the line.

Bows placed either high above the waist or low below the hips gave form to dresses that otherwise would have been loose-fitting.

One handsome black-and-white checked wool had an



"Rue de Cendrier" a costume from SYMA in a small beige check design with a loose fitting jacket and at the back a martingale anchored with buttons.

over-bouss that hung loose in the back, giving it a two-pleated effect.

Two-tiered overskirts often helped to break an otherwise straight line and to give height.

Handsome middy-wool coats featured low yokes and belts to give them Heim's "spoon shape."

One line coat had a cleverly concealed self-belt that accentuated the waist without hugging it.

Waistlines moved up "and down depending on the dress."

One harem-skirted black crepe evening gown was draped dramatically above the waist.

So were many of the elegant empire-line cocktail gowns in taffeta, pearl-embroidered tulle and lace. All had voluminous skirts.

Earlier, Jean Patou, too, struck a heavy blow against the sack.

From Italy

THE sack is the thing for summer according to Italy's fashion designers. They did everything with the sack except making it in burlap in the Florence previews of spring and summer fashion recently.

Sacks shaped like rockets, firecrackers, Japanese lanterns, shower curtains and laundry bags will be everywhere under the sun if Italy's fashion dictators have their way. Waists, like Victorian ankles, are rarely mentioned and never seen. Even in playclothes, the loose chemise line is much more 1958 than classic shirts and shorts. Knives, for a decade exiled to a fashion Siberia come back with a bang. Italy hoists the hemline 10 and 17 inches off the floor. The favourite short sack may leave most of the body to the imagination, but it really shows off legs.

★ ★ ★

Italy likes its sacks flouncy, flowery and feminine—colours, hoovers prints and airy fabrics banish the sad-sack look.

Simonetta varies the chemise silhouette with bouffant sacks, ruffled at the hemline, in filmy printed silks.

Capucci uses curtain-like drapes that give a brief glimpse of a concealed waistline.

Fabiani shows straight-from-the-shoulder sacks, but with a "Marilyn Monroe" fit over the hips.

High crowned hats and knee-length necklaces accentuate the "long leg" silhouette that dominates Italy's high fashion collections.

Sunshine colours and revealing hemlines are the trend for evening.

Fringed charleston sacks and sequined tunics replace long ball gowns.

For the beach Italy rebels against the demure look of recent seasons. Capri Bikinis and two-piece swimsuits are staging a comeback for 1958.

Two Unique Houses To Be Seen At Olympia In March

IN countries such as Canada, the United States and others where houses are constructed of light material it is not unusual to see a home being moved from one site to another, even from one part of a big town to another.

But the time has now come when it will be possible to buy a nice little plot of land almost anywhere, ring up the builders and ask them to be so kind as, of course, to drop the house on the chosen spot with the kitchen window pointing to the north.

The term "drop" is used because the house would be flown to the site by helicopter and deposited almost as tenderly as a gull might set its egg on some chosen ledge.

The particular house which could be ordered in this manner is "The Round House" and it will be seen for the first time in England at the Jubilee Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition when it opens at Olympia on March 3.

The house is the invention of Dr. Johann Lüdovick whose factory is in the German village of Jockgrim-Pfalz in the lovely wine country near Karlsruhe. Its creation was inspired by a request from the Belgian Government which said: "We want a house suitable for workers in the remote regions of the Belgian Congo. It must be small, but it must provide the essential comforts of a home."

The house is made in the form of a globe, and it is so light and buoyant that if a helicopter is not available and if a waterway is, it can be towed up a river on a raft.

The kitchen in this house has every convenience you would find in a town flat. The walls are covered with well-

planned storage cupboards and there is a stainless steel sink.

The refrigerator can be run on paraffin and the cooker can operate on portable gas tanks. The bed-sitting room is a triumph of organisation over lack of space. It contains two curved seats set against the wall and during the day a table can be lowered across them for meals or writing.

The tiny bathroom has a bath, shower, washbasin and other essentials. Germans who buy the house as a week-end retreat pay about £425 for it without any furnishing.

Another creation of this versatile German builder which will also be seen at Olympia is "The Roof House." This is simply a high sloping roof built onto a foundation on the ground. In the space created by the angle of the roof are three bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen-dining room and a bathroom.

This house is designed for young couples with little capital who, as soon as funds permit and a demand for more space arises, may build a ground floor, hoist the roof up and place it on this structure. The roof is easy to hoist as it can be taken apart in six sections. At Olympia it has been arranged to show the roof section being raised and lowered on to the ground floor by means of a hoist.

"The Roof House" has many ingenious features in its furnishings. For instance, it has a sliding table which can be moved right through the hatch from kitchen to dining room, so that the table can be completely set in the kitchen and rolled into the dining room to serve as a dinner table and rolled back when a meal is finished.

There are two bungalows and five other houses in the Village at this Golden Jubilee Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition.



with a
HOLLYVOGUE TIE
this Valentine's Day!

February 14th

HOLLYVOGUE
California TIES

Beauty News

Helena Rubinstein

New Opalescent Look
first introduced here by



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EXCLUSIVE BEAUTY SALON

For
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MASSAGE — BEAUTY CULTURE

Free advice is given on any
skin problem

Consult: Miss DIANA MA (Beauty Specialist)
Room 103, Yu To Sang Bldg., Queen's Rd. C.
Tel: 21417

THE WOMAN WE'D LIKE TO BECOME

THE all-women panel elected Lady Templer unanimously as the Woman We'd Most Like to Become. She is courageous, gay, with poise, strength of character and amazing gentleness.

"Great charm, always gentle and unassuming," said Mrs Beryl Maudling, who made the original nomination.

"A woman who stays young in heart," was Madge Garland's comment.

Amanda Marshall admired her poise and tolerance. "Life will never embitter her."

My admiration for this slender, grey-haired soldier's wife with frank hazel eyes is for the way she carries out her public duties with poise and humanity.

The courage

When her husband Sir Gerald Templer was appointed High Commissioner to Malaya, after his predecessor had been murdered before his wife's eyes by bandits, she accepted her new job with enthusiasm. And had the courage to take her children with her.

"A soldier's wife is always ready to go with her husband," she said. "I am pretty fearless as far as bandits are concerned." She toured with her husband all over the country, even in the most dangerous areas. She learned to speak Malay fluently. I remember the story of a car crash on a jungle road and Lady Templer kneeling in the dust to give first aid to a British soldier with a broken collar-bone.

It was that kind of gesture that did so much to raise the troops' morale. One soldier who witnessed the scene said afterwards: "It was great to see her kneeling on the road helping one of our lads."

Slipped disc

Another story that illustrates her ability to rise above the situation was when she slipped a disc in her neck as a result of a car accident and found herself cradled in plaster with a chin-rest.

As wife of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff she had a British soldiers' entrance in



Lady Templer with her son Miles.

many public engagements scheduled—and fulfilled them all. She flew to Cassino for a memorial dedication and opened "It's the latest thing in neck-ties," she explained. "But

London and cheerfully went looking for a flesh-coloured tie to match her plaster cast.

When buying towels, hold them up to the light to make

sure the weave is close and the pile loops fairly close together and not tightly twisted.

NOW IT'S FLORAL FOOTWEAR

By
**VERONICA
PAPWORTH**

SHOE NEWS is of flower-printed footwear, worn now for late day and evening with plain, dark dresses.

I forecast that the smart thing will be to pick a clear, bright colour for your spring suit with flower-patterned shoes and, maybe, matching gloves OR hand-bag.

Note the alternative. Two matching accessories can look fine but three flowered pieces will look "bitty."

Edward Rayne, the Queen's shoemaker, is showing some of the prettiest shoes in vivid coral, rose, or sea-green prints.

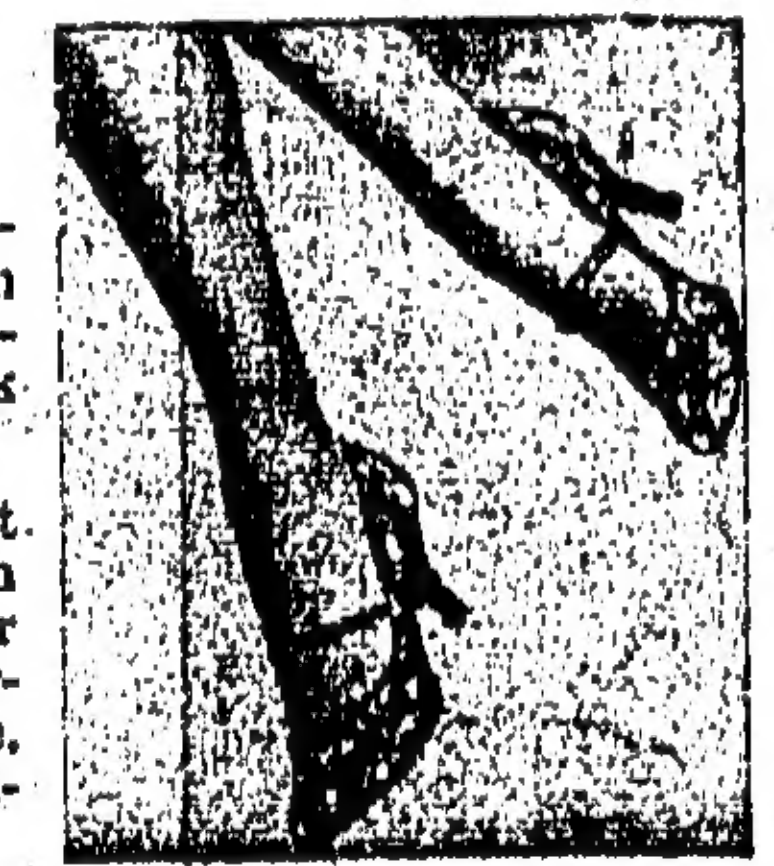
Heels are not toweringly high, but slender. The long pointed toe is still "in"—with narrow crossbars and T-strapes vying for popularity.

★ ★ ★

I ARRIVED home to find my three-year-old gazing intently into a gin bottle—filled with water.

Press on the cork and down went the diver. Relax, and up he bobbed again. You're right—the diver was one of those giveaway toys from a confectionery box.

Now I've no quarrel with the corkscrew men. But why don't



they put their toys at the top of the packet?

I swear I've doubled my order since this scheme started.

The latest piece of child-appeal comes from the sticking-plaster merchants.

Apparently it is not enough that every wounded hero demands a plaster, no matter how slight the scratch. Today's sticking plasters are decorated with penguins, elephants, and zebras on coloured grounds.

"My elephants have gone all ragged—may I have some zebras now?"

I can see us renewing them twice as often.

And perhaps this is only the beginning. Shall we see trinkets at the bottom of the marmalade jar?

hidden treasure in our detergent packets . . . long, long fairy stories, on our toilet rolls?

Have a heart, chaps, have a heart.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Four a little vinegar into a pan in which you've cooked fish to remove the odour.

To remove oil and grease stains from leather, dab the spots with spirit of camphor.

Allow time to remain on for a short time, then wash with clean water. If necessary, repeat the process.

Be careful, however, not to injure the colour of the leather. Experiment on a small, inconspicuous area before doing the job.

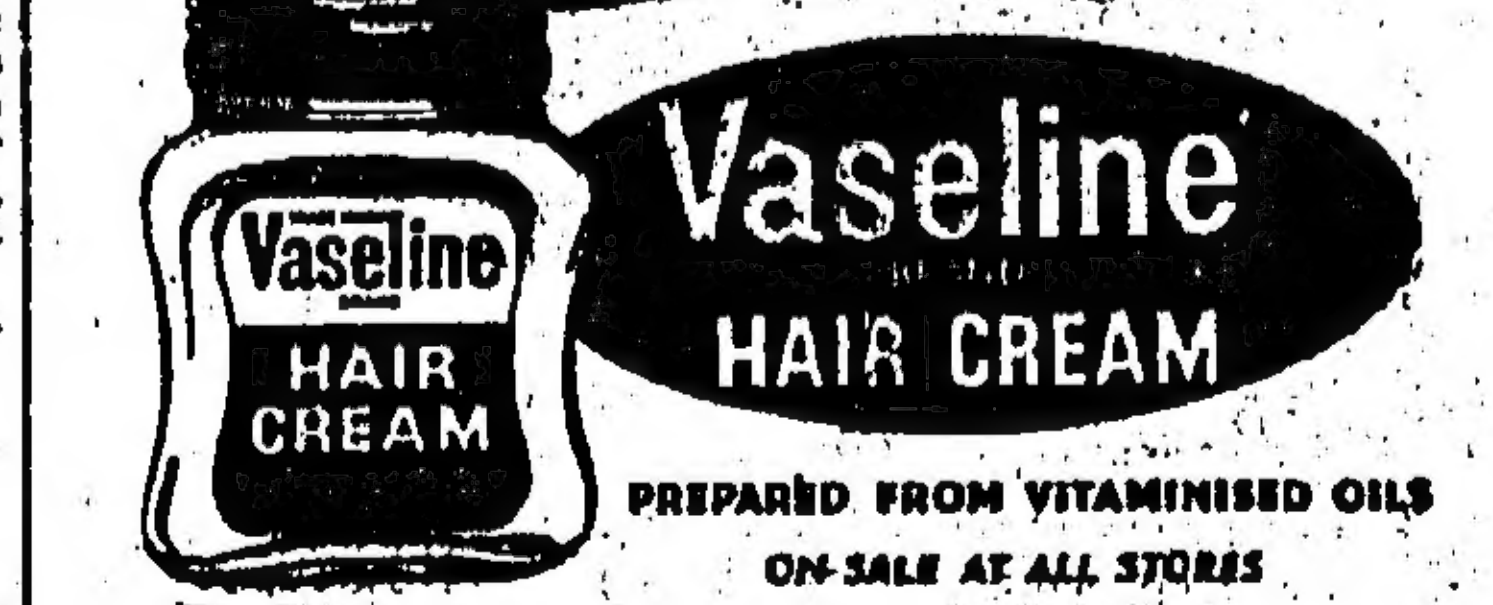
When buying towels, hold them up to the light to make

sure the weave is close and the pile loops fairly close together and not tightly twisted.

Wash gloves before they become too soiled, squeezing them gently through lukewarm soap-suds. Rinse thoroughly. Blot in a towel. Press them into shape and place them flat to dry.

Treated properly, quilted gloves will keep their size and shape indefinitely.

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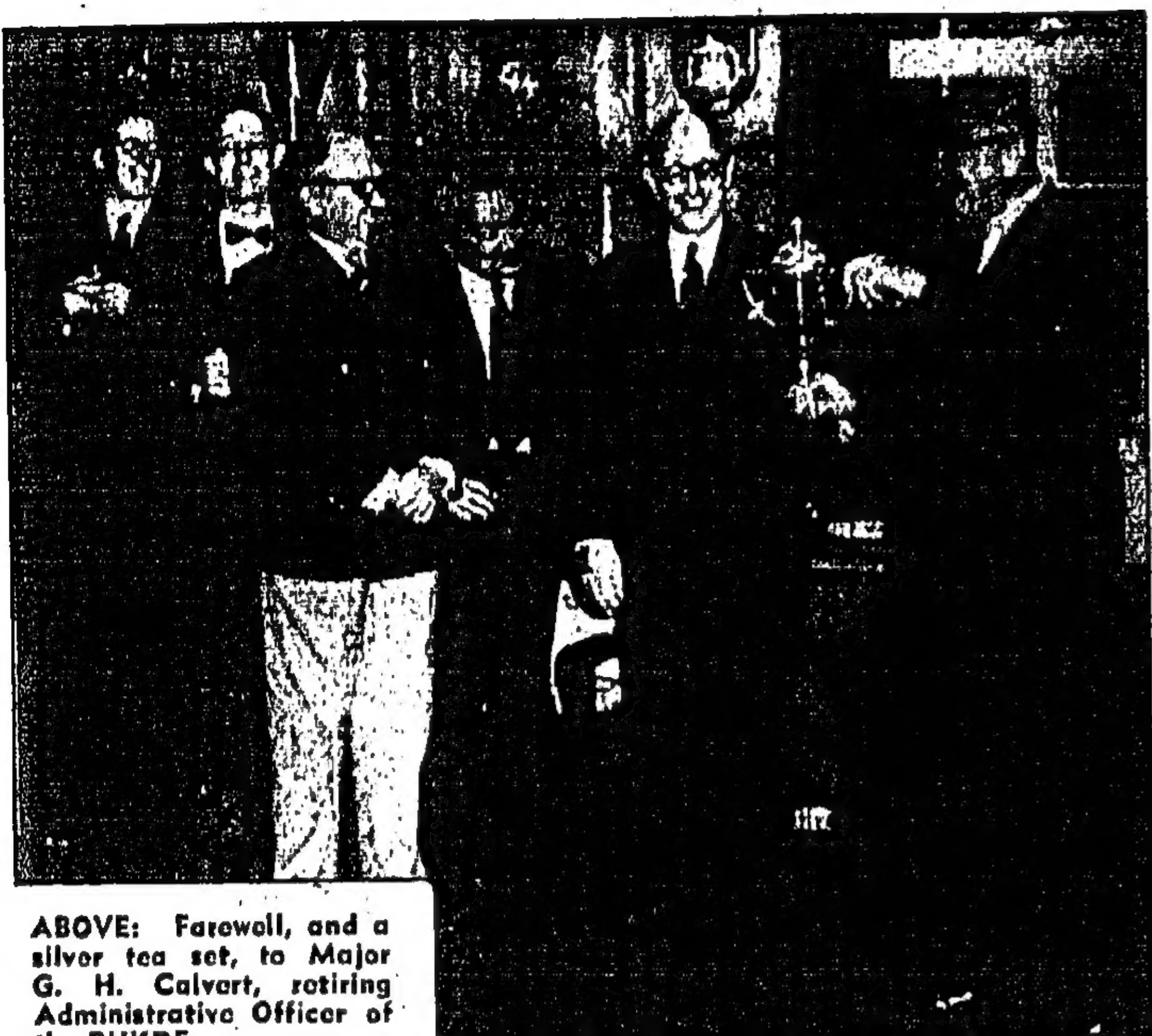


Visiting golfers from Formosa are seen at Fanling where in a series of matches they showed that Hongkong's "best" were not quite good enough. Taiwan players were Chen Ching-po, Hsiao Yung-yu, Chang Yung-chang, and Jeffrey Koo. They were opposed by A. F. Sutcliffe, W. D. Leighton, G. D. Carter, and Kim Hall.

RIGHT: Margaret Larkins and Lieut Michael Bird at Garrison Church.



Brigadier L. N. Chalmers (left), Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison Commander, is seen arriving at the Officer's Mess Gun Club Hill for a farewell dinner given in his honour by officers of the Royal Artillery.



ABOVE: Farewell, and a silver tea set, to Major G. H. Culvert, retiring Administrative Officer of the RHKDF.

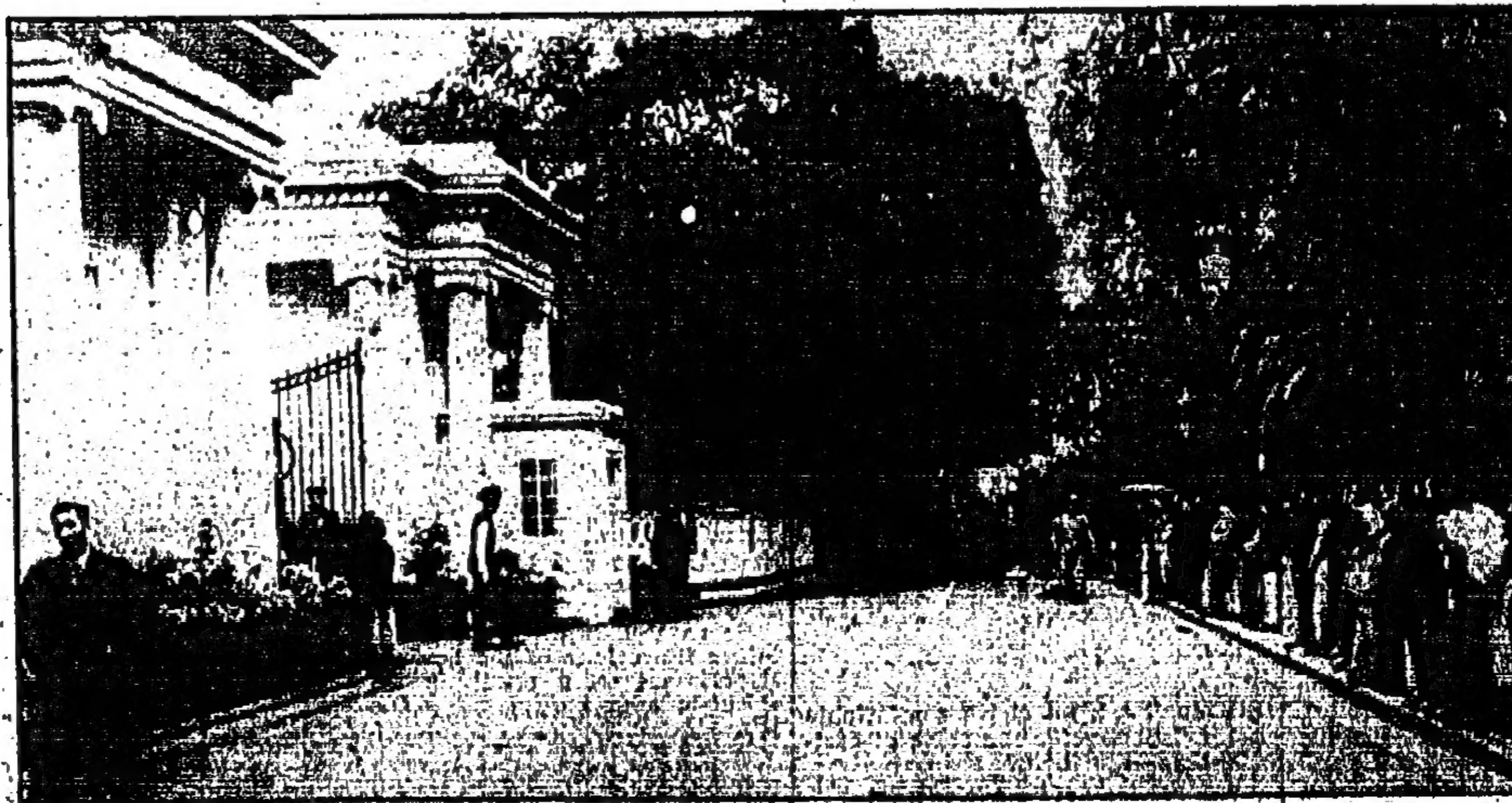
BELOW: At the 9th Red Swastika Fair, at 25 Golden Terrace, funds were raised for a free clinic serving 20,000 patients a year.



Lord Lindsay and family arrive at Kai Tak. The family are Erica (15), Jim (13), and Mary (6), passing through Hongkong on their way to China.
RIGHT: Scene at the "Bring and Buy" sale organised at St John's Cathedral New Hall.
BELOW: The Hon. J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, is seen addressing the North Point Kai Fong Welfare Advancement Association.



Wives of Royal Naval Dockyard employees who are threatened by the world-wide reduction of expenditure on Royal Naval bases gather outside Government House, Hongkong, to present a petition to Sir Robert Black.



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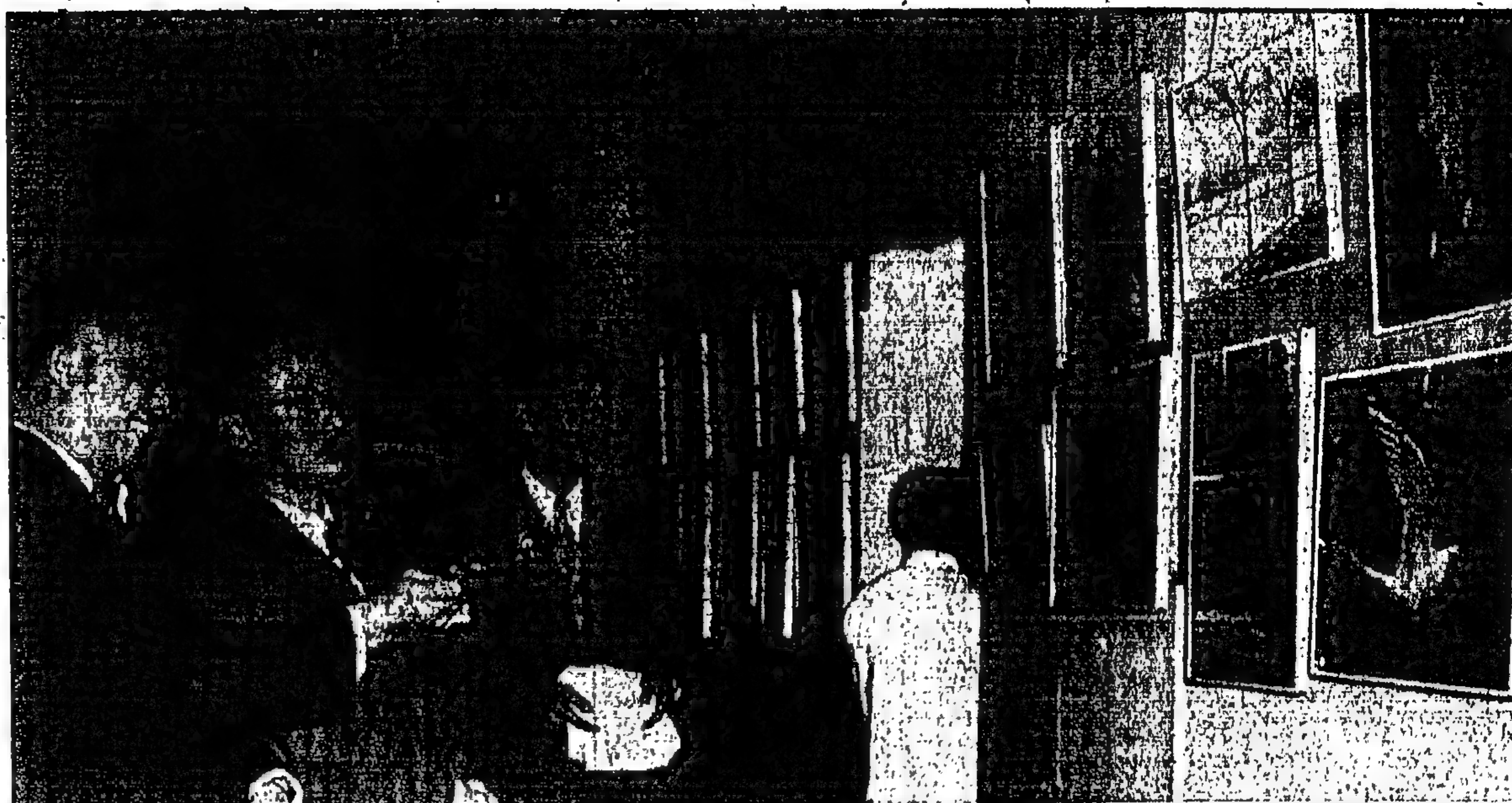
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John Travis and Katharine Black at St Margaret's.



Dr. K. H. Wu (centre-top picture) is seen at the opening of an exhibition of contemporary British photography at the British Council reading room.



LEFT: Victoria Loong dancing at the Lake Yew Hall to music of the "harmonica chorus".



Elsa Carr and Olivia Ferreira—two girls who found they had a way with eggs during the Chinese festival—Lap Chun.



LEFT: Mr Chan Chi-foi and his bride Diana Chiu after their wedding at St Margaret's.

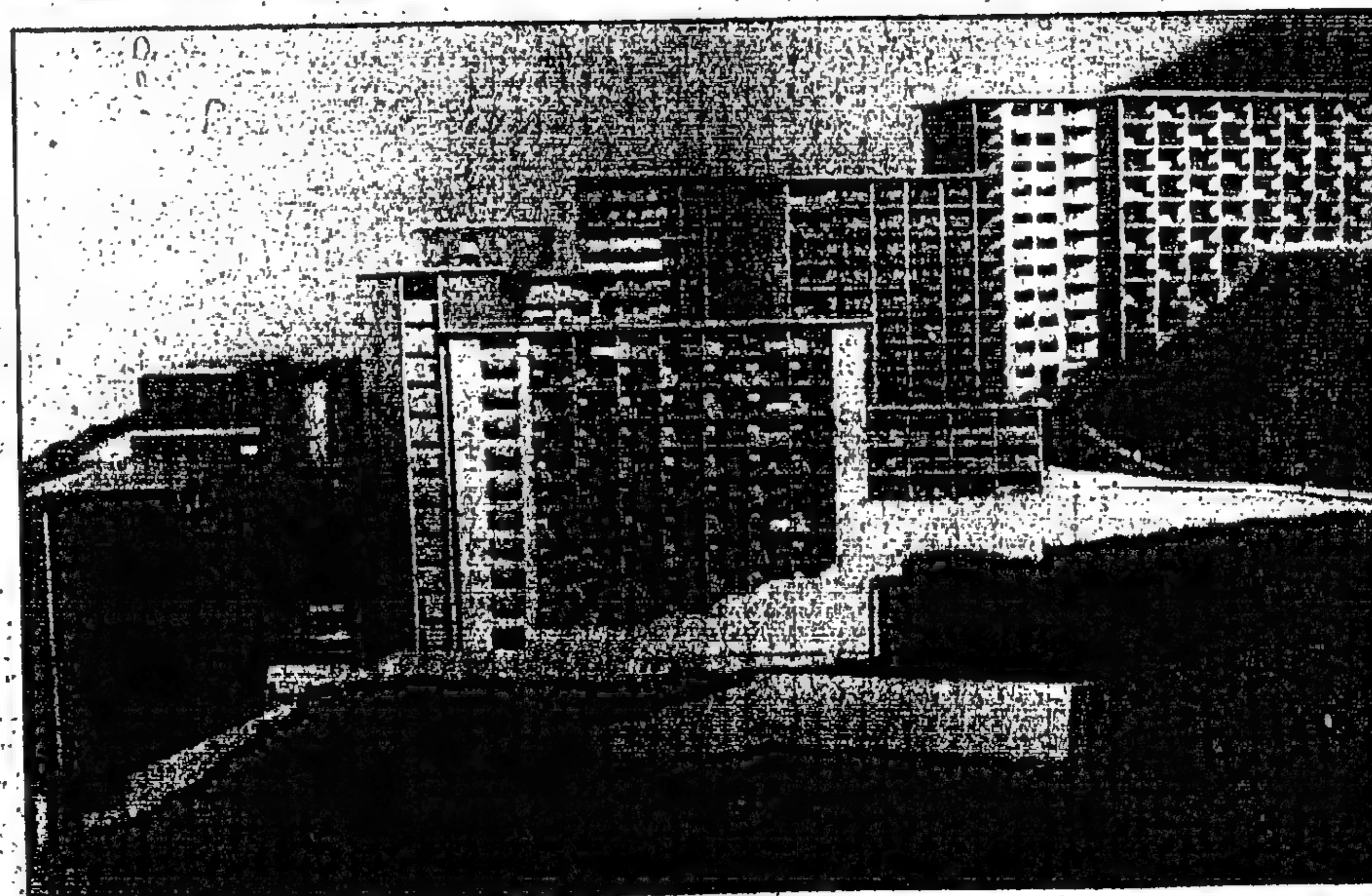


ABOVE: Members of the SKAL Club . . . for Hongkong travel executives . . . are seen at their annual dinner dance at the Peninsula Hotel.

LEFT: Mr Kwok Hon-kuon and his bride Au Kit-wah seen at the Supreme Court Registry after their wedding.

BELOW: A view of the third scheme of the Hongkong Housing Authority to be built at Chaungshawan, Kowloon, at a cost of \$50,000,000 and providing accommodation for 30,000 people.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



Note

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NEVER SO QUICK FROM PALACE TO PUBLIC!

THE new course of fashion in Britain is from Princess to public, and never has the copying been so quick as now.

Three times recently the British dress trade has proved that what a British Princess wears today almost anyone else can wear tomorrow. In an identical version if you have the cash or in a first-rate copy if you haven't.

Princess Alexandra's new honey-coloured fur coat which she wore at a London wedding, is on sale at £200.

The copy is identical in cut, down to the collar and the hem and the scarlet brocade lining. "Every detail has been copied," said Mr Cyril Ross, the managing director of the furriers who have made this lightning copy. "except for the very fine diamond brooch."

The coat, in honey-coloured musquash, is on sale in two sizes, 43½ in. and 45½ in. in length.

Princess Anne's camel coat (which she wore to a hunt meet) can be bought in 75 per cent

camel hair for £18 12s. 6d. In a wool and camel coloured wool for £13. In a camel coloured wool for £9s. 11d.

Princess Margaret's diamond butterfly which she wore in her hair when she visited the Royal Ballet, have been copied in pastels and mounted on giant hairpins for 7s. 11d. and 9s. 11d. each.

Just push two or three into your hair wherever you think they look prettiest.

Party plan

Some useful advice for a teenage party—the kind that is easy to give but easy to boot over too—comes from Lady Casson.

"The girls (daughters Carola, 16 and Nicola, 14) give one party together, which lasts from about 8.30 to 12.30. They send out something like 60 invitation cards to friends aged between 14 and 19."

"I give them the simplest snacks and put them round the room for the guests to help themselves when they want to."

yards of French bread cut into slices with cheese, scrambled eggs, liver pate, and sausage rolls. And lots of fruit.

"For drink they get orange juice, beer, and wine. No spirits. I tried making a fruit cup last year, but they didn't like it, because they don't like things that are what they call 'mucked around with.'"

"At that age it's a waste of time to give them anything elaborate, so for equipment they have only glasses and paper serviettes. No knives and forks. They use their fingers."

For dancing

"What they are most interested in is dancing. This year we borrowed a studio and hired a students' band, which was very good indeed. Otherwise we should have had long-playing records. They only like to five, and they dress completely informally in separates and full skirts. They are always rather insistent on that."

"This year Carola wore a black and white skirt, a black jersey, and high-heeled shoes. Nicola wore a pink silk skirt, a green cummerbund, and a white nylon shirt with low heels."

"They organise a good deal of the party themselves. They send out the invitations, deal with the answers, get the room and the food ready. I just see that it gets done."

"I like to go to the party, too, because it's the only time I ever meet all their friends."

Forget it!

Please don't say it again.... That drip-dry fabrics don't need ironing (they always need a little pressing, though they can be pressed dry).... that nylon dries in a flash (it depends on the thickness)....

That you can keep kitchen soft-furnishings clean simply by wiping them over with a wet cloth (don't buy anything that can't be tubbed to get rid of steam and grease)....

That you can keep a pale bag or pale shoes clean just by sponging them down (they need sponging plus a liquid wax polish)....

That kid stoves will wash (if you're not very careful they dry like a crisp, so buy washable suede next time)....

That cleaning liquids remove every stain (there are some they take off and some they make worse)....

That knitted clothes don't drop (they do unless they are backed, so look for the kind of hem you can turn up—some loose knits can't be hemmed)....

That anything—anything at all—will clear skin spots overnight or get the washing-up done in a trice.

—VERONICA PAPWORTH

Materials:
9 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 8 ply wool, 1 pair of each No. 11, 12 and 13 needles.
7 buttons.

Measurements:
To fit a 36 inch Bust.

Tension:
7½ sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations:
K. knit; p. purl; st. stitch; st.st. stocking stitch; inc. increase; dec. decrease; beg. beginning; tog. together; w.r.n. wool round needle; w.b. wool back; sl. slip; rep. repeat; cont. continue; patt. pattern. Figures in brackets worked the number of times as stated.

N.B. When shaping, and a made at, with 2 tog. sts. come at edge, work K.2, or P.2 sts. instead to obtain a firm edge. This applies to all shapings.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles cast on 128 sts., work in k.1, p.1, rib for 3½ inches.

Next row: * Rib 10 sts., inc. in the next st. rep. from * to last 7 sts., rib 7 (135 sts.).

Work in patt. as follows:—
1st row: K.1, * k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k.3.
2nd row: K.1, * p.2, w.b., sl.1, k.1, p.3, w.f., k.1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p.2, k.1. Rep. the last 2 rows 3 times more.

9th row: K.1, * k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, slip the next 2 sts. on to a cable needle and leave at front of work, k.5, then k.2 sts. from the cable needle—(this in future will be referred to as cable 7 sts.) p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, rep. from * to last 18 sts., k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, cable 7 sts., p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, k.3.

10th row: As the 2nd row.

11th to 15 rows: Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

19th row: K.1, (k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1) 3 times, * cable 7 sts., p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, (k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1) twice, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k.3.

These 20 rows form the patt. Change to No. 12 needles, work another 20 rows, then change to No. 11 needles. Cont. without shaping until work measures 13½ inches from beg.

Shape armholes
Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 21½ inches from beg.

Shape shoulders
Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 76 sts., work 4 rows in k.1, p.1, rib.

1st buttonhole row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 5 sts. at the end of row.

2nd buttonhole row: Rib to the last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib to end.

Cont. to work in rib making further buttonholes with 18 rows between each until work measures 3½ inches from beg., ending at the side edge.

Next row: (Rib 11 sts., inc. in the next st.) 5 times, rib to the last 12 sts. Leave these sts. on a safety pin for the border.

Work the 69 sts. as given for the back, but reading the 9th patt. row and the 10th patt. rows as follows:—

9th patt. row: K.1, then rep. from * to * of the 9th patt. row of back twice, k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, cable 7 sts., p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, k.3.

19th patt. row: K.1, (k.2, p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1) 3 times, rep. from * to * of 19th patt. row of back twice, cable 7 sts., p.2 tog., w.r.n., p.1, k.3.

Cont. to work thus changing to No. 12 needles when one complete patt. has been worked then work another 20 rows of patt. after which cont. on No. 11 needles without shaping until work measures 12 inches from beg., ending at the front edge. Then in continuity of the patt. dec. 1 st. at the front edge at beg. of the next row and every following 3rd row until work measures 13½ inches from beg., ending at the side edge.

Shape armhole
Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Then dec. 1 st. at the armhole edge on the next 5 alternate rows, but at the same time dec. 1 st. at the front edge every following 4th row instead of every 3rd, until 40 sts. remain. Then cont. without further shaping until work measures the same as back to shoulder shaping, ending at the side edge.

Shape shoulder
Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row and the next 3 alternate rows.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles cast on 76 sts., work in k.1, p.1, rib for 3½ inches.

Next row: Rib 12 sts., and leave these sts. on a safety pin

for the border. (Rib 11 sts., inc. in the next st.) 5 times, rib to end of row.

Now work as given for the right front, but reversing the shaping by reading the 10th row for the 9th row, and the 9th row for the 10th row.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 64 sts., work in k.1, p.1, rib for 3 inches. Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row: (P.10, p.2 tog.,) 5 times, p. to end. (59 sts.)

Now work in patt. as given for the back, but inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 7th and every following 6th row until there are 109 sts. Cont. without further shaping until sleeve measures 17½ inches in the centre of the work.

Shape Top
Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 69 sts. remain. Then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 29 sts. remain. Cast off.

Right Front Border
Using No. 13 needles join wool to the 12 sts. left for the border at the inner edge, inc. 1 st. at the beg. of the row, then cont. to work in rib making further buttonholes with 18 rows between each until 7 in all have been made. Then cont. in rib until border will fit up the front edge and to half way across back of neck. Leave sts. on a safety pin. Join wool to the 12 sts. for the left front, inc. 1 st. at the inner edge, then work in rib for length required.

MAKING UP

Pin out all pieces of work and press on the wrong side under a damp cloth with a hot iron, avoiding all ribbing. Join the shoulder seams. Set in the sleeves. Join the sleeve and side seams. Graft or cast off together the border stitches to come exactly centre back of neck. Sew borders to fronts and neck edges. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press the seams.



DON'T GET TRAPPED BY ALL THIS COLOUR-DICTATING STUFF!

THEY say that:—

BLUE is a cold colour. Nonsense. It depends on the blue—and the room.

VERY dark colours make a room look dismal. One of the nicest rooms I know is forest green with pink paint—very Provencal. The other is painted shiny black. It looks wonderful.

YOU can make a small room look bigger by painting the ceiling dark. Have you ever seen a room like that?

YOU can make a too-high room look lower by painting the ceiling dark. Not true—you just keep looking at the ceiling.

WHITE is impractical? I know one white bedroom that has stood the test for 20 years. I have a white bedroom myself and I live in one of the dirtiest parts of London. White doesn't show the dirt any more than pastels do.

STRIPES are out. Not if you like stripes.

THAT stripping furniture ruins it. It doesn't—and anyway you can revarnish it if you wish.

THAT the Victorian look is the prettiest thing out for a drawing-room. Have you ever seen an authentic Victorian drawing-room? They were absolutely hideous.

GREEN is depressing. Not a bit of it. A pale fern green is one of the best background colours I know—and very restful.

THAT the only good taste is eighteenth century. Some of it was, and some of it wasn't. It's the same in 1958.

Best-seller all over Britain

HERE'S my eye-of-the-show round-up of the provincial trends:—

"Cream paint is on the way out in BIRMINGHAM," according to Peter Haynes, who runs a colour studio.

"Our clients are far more colour-conscious and like bright colours to go with their modern furniture."

"We have quite a demand for elements—a bright purple—which people would have laughed at a year or two ago."

A big store in NOTTINGHAM says its average newly-weds spend £300-£400 on furniture, and anything up to £120 on bedroom suites.

In GLASGOW, the newly-weds spend on average of £300 on furniture, according to two of the biggest stores.

In OXFORD, they spend about £200 if it's a house, or £80 on a flat. And over half the sales are for modern designs, say the shops.

They're shy of doing-it-themselves in Suffolk. In IPSWICH alone there are 32 interior decorating firms, and shops report that home handymen won't tackle much more than a painting job.

But one SWANSEA shop has eight local branches selling do-it-yourself equipment.

They don't sell expensive Scandinavian and Italian modern furniture in PLYMOUTH because they find the only people who want it are the arty types who can't afford it.

"Customers know as much about furniture these days as we do ourselves," says the manager of a MANCHESTER store's furnishing department.

"They come in armed with magazines and newspapers cuttings and they have seen, and stick to what they want."

"There is a terrific boom in contemporary furniture which is outselling the traditional. But Italian and Scandinavian have only small sales. Customers prefer British goods—similar but cheaper."

Mr. Schreiber divides his clients into three categories: Millionaires, rich millionaires, and very rich millionaires, can still give sound advice to the penniless.

"My advice to any young couple setting up on next-to-nothing is to accept simply anything that is FREE."

"Take away as much as you possibly can from home, even if it is only a ghastly old chest of drawers or a littered carpet. The less you have to buy when you set up home the better."

"You can then take your time about deciding what you REALLY want to have. Better to hate your mother's horrid old table you got for nothing, than the shiny new one that cost £20."

Mr. Schreiber believes in pleasing yourself in decoration—not your friends, however helpful and full of taste they are.

"If you like scarlet and yellow, then for goodness' sake HAVE scarlet and yellow. Your arty friends may disapprove, but you'll have what you want, and you can always change it later if they prove right."

His pet aversion—matched things of any kind.

"The matched-up look is so out of date. Just as, in fashion, the casual look is in, so it is in decoration. Matched suites look 20 years out of date these days."

"Even in china, the odd plate or cup is good. But the nicest thing of all is to buy what you want, and not mind if there are

oatmeal or white hand-woven six of it or only one in china, silver, beds, just anything."

They've been trying to get builders to do it over here, but they are still flinching," added Mr. Peters.

FROM THE BIG CITIES: The simple and cheap idea of a sun deck.

A small sun deck taking three or four sun-worshippers should cost around £50.

"But if you can make it yourself it would cost even less," he said.

LOOK out for kitchens... more colour, more natural wood. The kitchen divider or sideboard that is a mixture of painted wood and natural wood—it's in the shops now. Prettiest colour combination was red, grey, and white, mixed in with light wood. Price: £24 12s. 6d.

The coloured wooden bench—it's in the shops now. Prettiest I saw was in grey and yellow with white legs. To seat three breakfasters. Price: £25 10s. 6d.

The country farmhouse look in pale waxed pine wood. There's a whole range including cupboards, cabinets, sink units, and shelves. All tops are in plastic in a variety of colours; sinks are stainless steel at the top.

They can be wiped over and won't scratch unless you really set your heart on scratching. Prices: from £12 for a wall cupboard with sliding doors, to £48 15s. 6d. for a stainless steel topped sink unit with three cupboards and two drawers.

Newest for the nursery

A ROOM you HAVE to redecorate, whether you like it or not, is that new nursery. Prettiest one I've seen hadn't a drain of pink paint or blue elephants to be seen.

The owners were the three children of Lady Rendesham, who hated the pastel look for nurseries.

"I see no reason why children should spend their days and nights in pastel nightmares. I've wallpapered the day nursery in washable wallpaper patterned with pink and green roses in a blue trellis."

"Built-in toy cupboards are also papered so that they look part of the wall. There's one big old table that gets kicked around, and cheap wood chairs that get painted once a year."

Lady Rendesham hates shiny lino for children:—

"I have a leaf green needlecord carpet that is hard-wearing and will see the children out through their teens."

"The curtains are bright pink felt draped prettily, and the lamp is an overhauled one where inquisitive fingers can't reach—a converted oil lamp."

"The night nursery is papered again, carpeted with deep beige needlecord and curtained with white glazed chintz which has been up two and a half years, and still doesn't need cleaning."

—JOY MATTHEWS

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All star cast includes:

- ★ widest colour range.
- ★ this season's fashion colour.
- ★ all-plays plus speedy DOUBLE CREPE
- ★ Lavenda—the only wool with the fashion twist (knits up firmer, rounder, smoother, and evenly).

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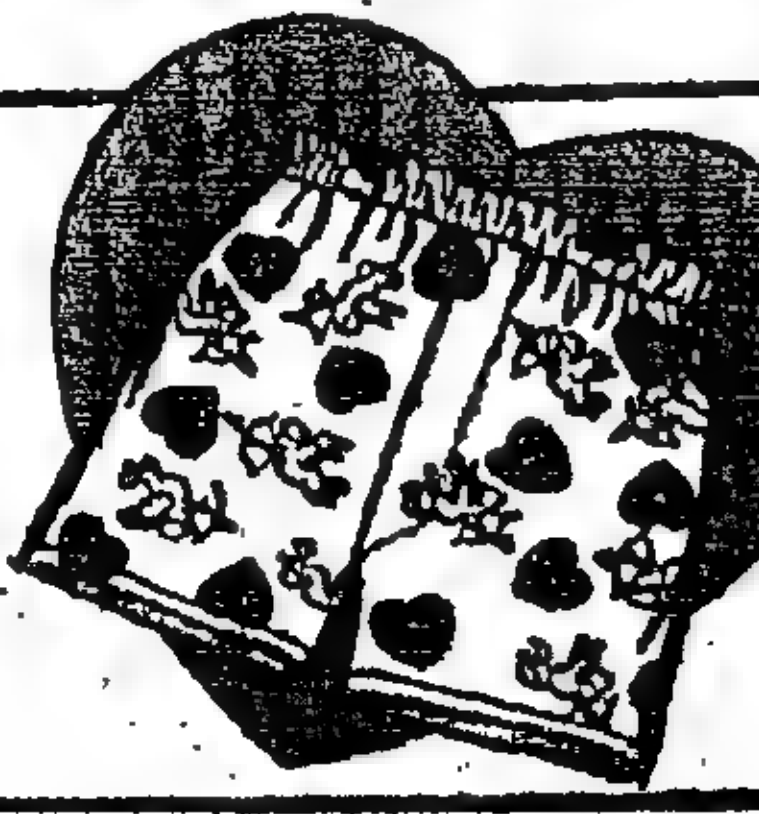
BRIEFS made only by Cooper

Besides you (of course), he'll love Jockey brand briefs. Give him a gift that shows your lasting thoughts of him... a gift of lasting comfort. Near, bright red hearts scattered amidst Valentine cupids, in Celanese Acetate and true Jockey brand comfort. Sizes 28-38.

VALENTINE'S DAY, FEBRUARY 14th

JOCKEY BOXERS

For the Valentine who prefers boxers, this clever heart and cupid design. It's Jockey brand so you're sure it's long on comfort. Also available in other interesting Valentine patterns. Sizes 28-44.



THE LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

MY last two years as a soldier had been amazingly interesting. All kinds of jobs that do not normally come the way of a soldier had been handed on to me. Thus it was that I passed into the Russian Zone of occupied Germany. I was in a sealed coach, and it was at Helmstedt that I first saw the huge red flag of the Russian Army, and saw their troops deal with those remnants of a defeated people who had spent their day scavenging in the fields for a few mouldy roots.

Not unaware of history, I was intrigued to think that the architect of all the misery I saw around me, who has reaped a tremendous harvest from German duplicity, had travelled, as I was then travelling, in a sealed coach through Germany.

Later I stood in the bunker where Hitler held his baroque Gotterdammerung. The Russians, in their worldly wisdom, treated this funk hole just as it should have been treated. It was rapidly becoming a cess pit, foul and stinking. By so doing, they forever killed a legend that this bastard son of Odin could arise again from a latrine. I took a tile from Hitler's office as a relic, but by the time I arrived back in England, it had crumbled to dust, as had the remainder of his jerry built empire.

As a quasi-civilian, I could roam at will, for I had been warned to be cautious. I saw the black market in operation, and realised that the national

classifications man forms in his ill framed terminology are meaningless. This form of rat, who batters on the misery of his fellows, is at one with his kind, whatever his nationality. His toothsome barter breaks down all barriers of language, race, or creed. The Russians had a way with this kind. All the evidence they needed was well-stuffed pockets full of cigarettes and chocolate, for the cigarette was international currency, and a carton of Lucky Strike was a king's ransom. So they took such pests and placed them against a wall, and exterminated them.

This was real history, and much I saw will appear in the history books in the future. But it will not tell the story as I saw it. The dry atmosphere of the lecture hall will be concerned with things that do not matter, such as the solemn pledges exchanged could roam at will, for I had been warned to be cautious. I saw the black market in operation, and realised that the national

So with all this under my belt, I returned to England, anxious to read a book that would follow Mr

Prelude to adventure

by JOHN LUFF

Trevor Roper's investigations in Berlin. But it was decided to send me to Japan, and just before I got on the plane, I was told to get off at Hongkong. I arrived here well ahead of any papers. So again as a quasi-civilian I roamed around, seeing and hearing, but that is another story. I took up my duties, finished my service, decided to return to my old trade of schoolmastering, received an appointment in Shanghai, whence I arrived as the Communists launched their big offensive in the North. Which prelude to inform the reader that I was in a position to observe as an unbiased observer, for I had no stake in any place I went. What I saw, I saw. It is as simple as that. I hope that point is appreciated, for what I have to say will please none who had a stake of any kind in Shanghai.

THE HAPPY PEOPLE

Said the talpan at the longest bar in the world, waving in his hand the longest drink in the world: "You should have been here thirty years ago. Those were the days."

Said the bright old thing at the French Club: "You should have been here in the twenties when I arrived. Those were the days."

Said my host, a business man: "You should have been

here just before the war. Those were the days."

Said a school teacher: "You should have been here just after the war. Those were the days."

I found that one was always too late in Shanghai, yesterday was always better than today. As I saw the Shanghai, I was one with his face peering over his shoulder, blind, it never spoke of today, always yesterday, about good times that had gone. Yet he had a wonderful lust for life. Optimistic to a fault. Generous, tricky at business, his eye always on the main chance; hard working, hard playing, hard drinking, with a zest for turning night into day, he was a likable chap. He had endured several invasions, but always they turned out the same way. They petered out. He had been imprisoned by the Japanese, he had seen the city die, but only to spring to life again. No wonder then that he the Armies of Mao Tse-tung mustered for the kill, he was as optimistic as ever.

Isolated in an anachronism, vest forces which had changed the face of the world. Shanghai had endured. Shanghai would endure. He had no room for gloomy talk, and when at times I tried to get in

a word or two about the new spirit that was sweeping the world, he just could not see it. The Englishmen could not see what had happened in his own country. He shared with the Americans the opinion that the

they did. But the time for such things had gone long ago. They knew nothing of the people among whom they dwelt. Few of them could speak the Shanghai dialect. They knew absolutely nothing of that great force that was sweeping the country with hope. They knew nothing of the misery that was the lot of the masses who lived on the outskirts of their palatial buildings.

Times had changed. World War II had hastened the change. The trouble was that the people of Shanghai wanted to put the clock back. And just a glimmering of history, not a student's knowledge, showed you that, the worst, the most dangerous thing in the world is to try to put back the hands of the clock. The Shanghai, however, thought he was the last word in modernity. As a matter of fact he was dreadfully old fashioned. His language, his characteristics, even his ultra English turnout was fashioned on the twenties. Like the city itself, his time was out of joint. He was a relic of the past.

As the Communist Armies drew nearer, there was talk of reinforcement, and the group of men who led the affairs of the British community, and whose servant I was, spoke of the ominous future. My advice was to cut then and there. But along came the same old answer. "But you don't know the Chinese." By that they meant the age-old capacity for China to absorb all new threats and dangers.

My answer was, "Perhaps not, but I know something of Communism."

It is one thing to be wise after an event, but it is over the writing was on the wall, it was in letters as high as Gethsemani. Against the world I had known for a couple of decades past, Shanghai had no right to exist. As a monument to European utility, it was wonderful. None but great people could have built the world's fifth largest city on a mud flat. None could have caused business to thrive as

the moment the Communist Army entered. I galloped the impression that so long as the Chinese were left to go their own ways, they couldn't care less who governed. They were so used to misrule and exploitation that one government seemed much like another. Of course, I am aware that there were among the educated Chinese, many who understood what was happening north of Shanghai, and there was considerable speculation about what would happen once the city fell. But in the main, in almost masochistic fashion, Shanghai worked, played, danced and dined, right up to the moment of its fall. No one believed their way of life would change because no one would accept the fact that Shanghai could be any different. In short, their convictions were based upon their desires. So in this wonderful atmosphere Mao Tse-tung ordered his troops to cross the Yantze.

THE DOOMED CITY

Shanghai was full of troops and it took but one brief glance to tell that they would never hold on a inch of ground. They were equipped with the latest weapons, but it was apparent that their morale was low. It was plain to see the question of co-operation between them and the civilian population had not been considered. They fought for the buses, they shot their way into the cinemas, they paid for nothing. In fact they seemed more a foraging horde than a disciplined army. Their officers were arrogant looters, and everywhere the civilians cursed them and longed for the day when they went into action and took their protecting influence elsewhere.

Meanwhile the town went about its business, and I was amazed to discover how little it bothered one way or the other. So it proved to be right up to

the moment the Communist Army entered. I galloped the impression that so long as the Chinese were left to go their own ways, they couldn't care less who governed. They were so used to misrule and exploitation that one government seemed much like another. Of course, I am aware that there were among the educated Chinese, many who understood what was happening north of Shanghai, and there was considerable speculation about what would happen once the city fell. But in the main, in almost masochistic fashion, Shanghai worked, played, danced and dined, right up to the moment of its fall. No one believed their way of life would change because no one would accept the fact that Shanghai could be any different. In short, their convictions were based upon their desires. So in this wonderful atmosphere Mao Tse-tung ordered his troops to cross the Yantze.

This news was received in Shanghai with a shrug of the shoulders, but there were signs that the Nationalists were making hay while the Kuomintang sun still cast a flickering ray. One piece of indisputable evidence was the absolute worthlessness of legal currency. The gold Yuan, as it was flattered, soared to astronomical figures in relation to the point sterling and the U.S. dollar. Towards the end, the only way was to pay out the staff was to pay every few days because, by the time you issued a pay cheque and it was presented at the bank, the money had lost as much as half its value in an hour or so.

The only thing to do was to use hard currency and that was declared legal or illegal according to the whim of the authorities. The old Chinese silver dollar came back into circulation. I wondered why, but the reason was made very apparent as you will see later. There was considerable speculation by all the wide boys of every nationality, but the

Chinese money changers were out in the open with their little "book-makers' boards writing up the latest exchange figures as they were circulated by some fictitious system. People kept no money. Those who could, invested their local currency in goods. Tins of anything to eat, and bottles of vodka, the only stuff it was safe to drink.

Going to the pictures was an event, for you had to take a basket full of money to pay for your ticket. There was no question of checking it. You just handed over huge packets of one hundred Yuan notes tied up in batches of thousands, and hoped for the best.

The streets were piled with the goods of the kerbstone hawkers. Huge tins of dried milk and ice cream powder, butter and cheese, sugar, in fact a little grocery shop turned loose in the streets. But the scandal of it was, they were all goods that had been donated to China by the U.N.R.R.A. and here it was peddled. A crime against humanity if ever there was one. But Shanghai's answer was the gangster's answer. "I don't know nothing."

Suddenly with the shock of a thunder bolt from a cloudless sky came the news: "Mr. M. Frigate Amethyst, while sailing up the Yangtze on her lawful business had been fired upon by the Communist Army."

The Shanghai people could not believe it. So immersed in the undoubted superiority of the European were they that it was unbelievable. The Chinese would not dare. But they had dared. A grim and determined China was something altogether new.

Next instalment
"The Amethyst Affair"

A Shadow We Should Lift!



UNLESS WE REALLY DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

from ROSS MARK, Nassau.

THE wind tumbled a mass of black clouds across the Caribbean sky. Over the Bahamas the clouds split and gushed a torrent of rain. Water beaded, glistened, and matted into tiny rivers on a soldier's naked bayonet. Out of the wet darkness knifed the voice of a Negro: "Give me that rifle, sonny. It is too heavy for you."

The Negro, one of the strikers who have crippled this island in the sun, scurried away. And Peter Jones, a fit young soldier from Stoke-on-Trent, who bore his rifle with consummate ease, growled at the disappearing figure: "Guess again." We were in the courtyard of the plush Royal Victoria Hotel.

This is where the men of the Royal Worcestershire Regiment, the lads who saved Nassau from very real threats of social uprising, are quartered.

What do you think about this mess? I asked Peter. Cheerily and forthrightly came his answer: "Every time I start thinking I get changed," he grinned. "So I do my job and think afterwards."

Mobs

THIS is Peter's (he is 20) second "job." At Christmas he sweated it out in another tropical Colony, in British Honduras on the isthmus of the Americas. Here, as there, he is dealing with canorous short-comings in Colonial attitudes.

Eight days watching the transformation of a wonderfully happy island people into ugly mobs, ripe for eruption of violence, have convinced me that London should take the initiative in bringing social reform to its islands in the seas of the Americas.

In a sophisticated society the strikers of the New Providence Island-Nassau is the capital and it is the biggest of these lovely green islands—would be wrong. They have proceeded illegally, but certainly not ignobly. They do have wrongs, antiquated

hangovers of mistaken policies, to redress, even the anti-strike people say.

Consider, for instance, these complaints.

FIRST: the Bahamas Labour Act, signed by the Duke of Windsor as Governor in 1942. This scrap of paper denies Bahamian domestic and hotel workers the right to collective bargaining.

SECOND: The voting system tends to enslave the wealthy, on the political summit. Votes go to those who have property and to every company.

I have learned that one man controls 180 votes for the House of Assembly. Anyone with £105 to spare can register a company and have a vote. Thus votes are £105 a pop.

This has made the poor Bahamians—they bulge at more than 90 per cent of the Colony's 17,000 population—bitter.

THIRD: There is no income tax in the Bahamas, but many consumer goods, including food, clothing and educational books, carry duty of as much as 27.5 per cent of their value.

One Bahamian said to me: "Nature ordains that one man can read just as much, wear so much, and eat so much."

"So the poorer people suffer." The general strikes here was at first a trade war between taxi drivers and tour bus com-

panies over ferrying tourists from the island's Windsor airport. Then the hotel workers, chafing against that 1942 law, joined in. Workers of the public utilities followed.

Nassau was gripped by a thundering social protest. The sky-rocketing prosperity of the island has staggered in mid-flight.

Before 1918 and the prohibition era in America, the rum-rich Bahamas had a total income of about £100,000 a year. Now it is £500 million.

The Bahamas "invisible export" is tourists, rambling at the rate of 30,000,000 dollars a year.

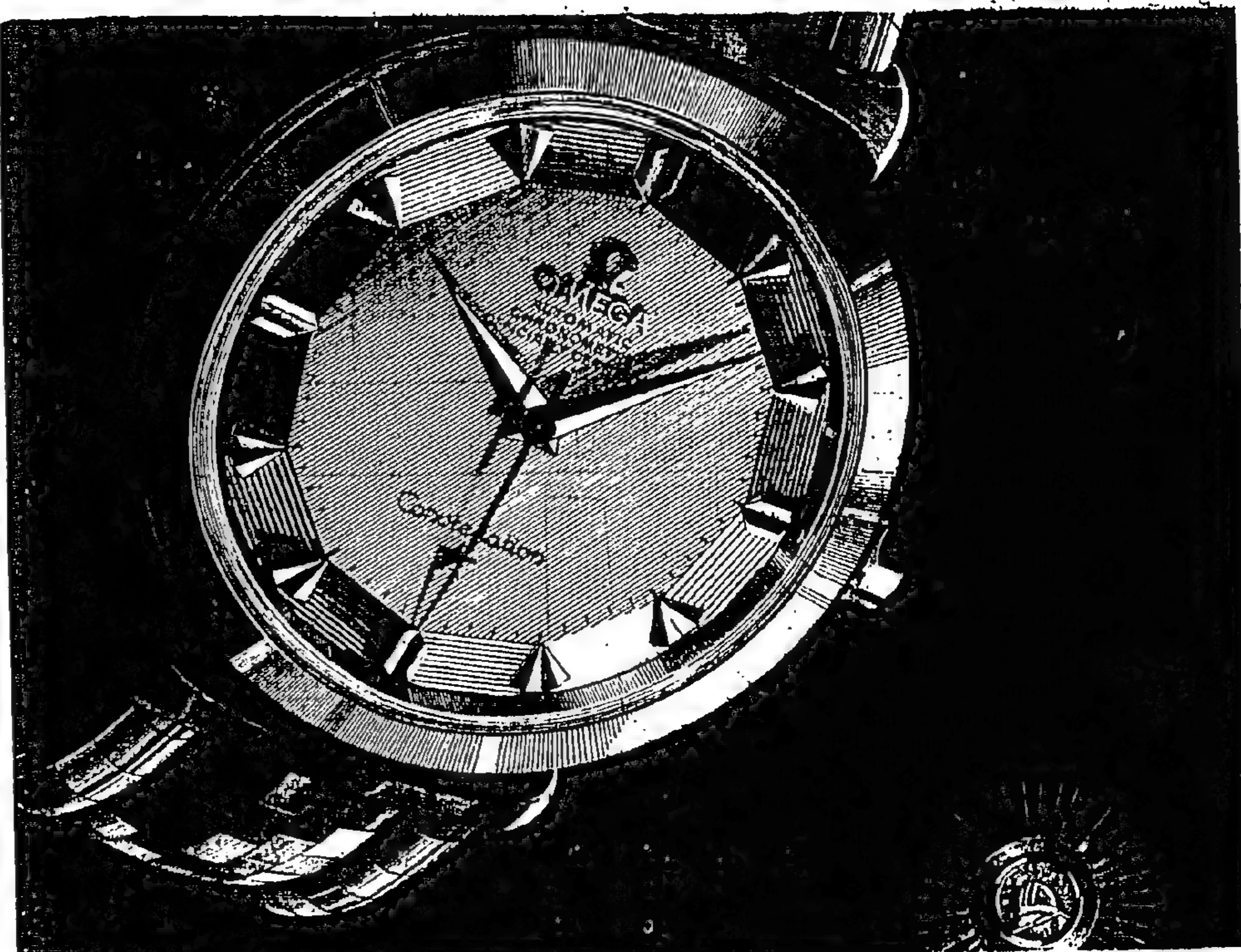
The Bahamas last year tossed 15,000,000 dollars a year into the Sterling Area's kitty.

The lip

THE last island eruption was in 1942. Then the Cameron Highlanders went into action. They restored law and order after Nassau's main street was smashed to a mob-boiled pulp. There was shooting, and people were killed.

The Bahamas today teeter again on the lip of a precipice. Young Peter Jones and his chums have done their bit.

Now it is up to the Colonial authorities, and those worthy people on Nassau's Bay Street. It is for the island in the sun to come in out of the rain.



In step with the stars

The Omega Constellation is one of man's finest efforts to duplicate, on a miniature scale, the inexorable regularity of the heavenly bodies as they pass across a telescope's field of vision.

The engineering experience that made possible a watch like the Constellation was acquired the hard way: in the accuracy contests of the Geneva and Neuchâtel observatories. Here, each year, the finest Swiss watches are pitted against the astronomical clock. Here, over the years, Omega has won an as yet unequalled series of precision victories.

The men who made possible these victories are responsible also for the Constellation. In every-

day life, on your wrist, their skill in designing and regulating watches results in a degree of accuracy that enables each Constellation to receive an official Chronometer Certificate.

To this accuracy Omega engineers have added the luxury of self-winding. The Constellation translates each flick of your wrist into steady timekeeping energy. Worn daily, it never needs winding.

Down to its last hour marker—cut, polished and mounted like a precious gem—the Constellation is designed and engineered for the man whose minutes matter, whose seconds count, whose decisions carry weight.

OMEGA Constellation

The watch the world has learned to trust. Some day you will own one.

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

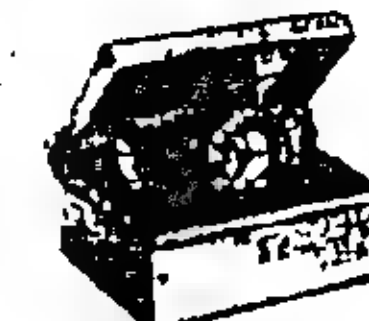
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Constellation Grand Luxe Chronometer

Officially certified for "especially good results." Self-winding. Shock-protected. Antimagnetic. Bracelet and extra-heavy waterproof case are styled in solid 18 kt. gold; so are dial, hands and individually mounted hour markers. Stores 36-hour power reserve when fully wound.



A sterling silver presentation box accompanies each Constellation Grand Luxe. Observatory engraving in reinforced back stands for Omega precision mastery, recalls Omega's still unequalled precision records at Geneva, Neuchâtel and Kew-Teddington observatories.

ROBERT PITMAN'S book page

FROM the curious hot-house which is called romantic fiction, where novels labelled Ruby M. Ayres and Ethel M. Dell send out a cloying scent, I bring an unexpected story. A story of real-life tragedy and triumph.

It is the story which I stumbled on when I went to Britain's romance-writers; when I went down to Brighton and took a taxi to the sea-front flat of a lady called Netta Muskett.

"Netta Muskett!" you may exclaim. "Who on earth is she?"

You could not be blamed. While the names of the bright young writers have been dancing across the headlines you will never see the name Muskett at all.

But compare her with the brightest of those bright youths. In 1957 John Braine scored the triumph of the year with his novel *Room at the Top*. Every one talked about it. It has sold over 30,000 copies.

THE FIGURES

Yet, without any headlines, without any shouting, Netta Muskett sells 30,000 copies of her romantic novels every year. Not counting cheap editions or paper-backs. In 30 years Netta Muskett has written 40 books. And 21 of them are still in print.

Impressive figures, the figures of a flourishing workshop. They were the figures which were ticking through my mind as I stood at the door of that fashionable flat in Brighton.

"You are going to meet a shrewd little lady," I told myself. "A business woman—someone who mapped out her career in the book market from the start."

Then the door opened. A housekeeper showed me down a long corridor, and it seemed I was going to be proved right.

In the big front room overlooking the sea I was met by a little woman with a shrewd, cheerful face. I noticed the smart green suit, the smart white hair. Netta Muskett's firm hand shook mine. Her voice was firm too.

"Tea or something stronger?" she asked. I chose tea, and promptly there was a pot with a large cup on a table at my side.

Already in that room above the promenade my picture of a romance-writer was being confirmed. Netta Muskett told me about her career. She told me how she had started as a teacher of maths at a girls' school.

She said: "Trying to teach girls maths is an impossibility. I hated it. In 1914 I got a job doing statistics in Fleet Street instead."

I said: "I suppose that's how you started writing?"

"Oh, no. I married a man from the Times named Muskett. We had a big house in Strathmore and a family to look after. I didn't have to write until I realised that my marriage was breaking up."

I put down my tea-cup. This was not what I expected. The strong, cheerful voice continued. "You see, my husband was a very jealous man. Not about other men—but about all kinds of things. About the children, about whatever I did. There were questionings all the time."

"When our marriage ended, I had no money of my own, but I desperately wanted to be able to bring up the children myself. So I got up at four each morning and started typing a novel. I was expecting my youngest boy, Peter, at the time."

Netta Muskett gave a jovial laugh. Her still-pretty eyes shone. She said:—

"I knew so little. I even went to the local library and counted every word in a novel because I didn't know how long one should be. I found I was about 20,000 words short. So I added a new beginning. It was called *The Jade Spider*."

But it is not the *Home Secretary* that she spends time with. (A hot salvo from this early Muskett: "His eyes burnt here, until she closed them, unable to bear their light, and

Burning kisses while the baby howled

HERE'S A MODEL FOR ALL THE HOUSEWIFE-NOVELISTS



Furs and jewels in the book . . . boiling pans on the stove

he kissed the closed lids, his lips burning through them").

In her flat Mrs Muskett told me: "I started selling quite well. But I had a poor contract. I didn't make much money. I did dress-making and embroidery for Liberty's to make ends meet."

"I made all the children's clothes, even the boys' overcoats. I went on getting up at four. I used to type in the kitchen. I would pull up the kitchen table to the stove, so I could look after the cooking while I typed. I could deal with the tradesmen there too."

"The baby would be screaming. And all the time I was writing about lovely girls with oodles of fur and diamonds—and with servants walking on their hands and feet."

Netta Muskett shook her head and chuckled again.

"When I was first asked to write a serial, I knew I wouldn't be able to take off my overcoat in the magazine office. I made

dresses for other people, but mine was just threadbare. The editor arranged for me to write a serial of 60,000 words. Then he said: 'Our usual payment is two guineas. Well, my jaw dropped. He saw my expression and said: 'Let's say £2 10s. then.'"

"It was right in the middle of the slump. I needed any sort of money desperately. So I agreed. It was only later that I found out he meant £2 10s. per 1,000 words."

Above Netta Muskett's head a long shelf stretched along the wall crammed with Muskett

romances. We inspected them. She said:—

"By my seventh book I was just about out of the wood. And by the time Peter was old enough, I could afford to send him to a public school. I've been paying surtax for years. But I still get up at four to work."

Netta Muskett took me to the narrow room where the work is done. A dressmaker's dummy stood near the typewriter. Mrs Muskett said: "I still make all my own clothes. I made this suit. I make clothes for my friends too, but I don't charge them now of course. Oh, and I

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"On any Sunday in winter you can see whole families—mother, father, and children, and sometimes even grandpa and grandma—with skis under their arms, crowding the railway stations. Trains leaving for the hilly, snow-covered areas are crammed with skiers of all ages. I saw a young colonial public officer with his puppets in 1954. This intriguing book, first published in Russia, gives his not always accurate memories of Britain. (Sidgwick, 10s. 6d.)."

also do a lot of weeping on my loom."

I followed her down corridors of the big flat to inspect the loom. She said: "I have another flat in Putney. And I travel a lot. I've been to South Africa, Jamaica, Chile."

How does Netta Muskett manage it? Why do her books tell so well?

Like all the best romance women, she really feels for her heroines, and she brings in some one else as well. Freud. While most other books on the romance shelf are stronger on sentiment than sex, you can be certain of realism every time you pick up a Muskett.

Netta Muskett told me: "I can never turn my novels into serials. They're much too strong. But sometimes I take one of my serials and pop it up into a novel. 'My readers are mostly women, middle-class women. One of them wrote to me once asking 'I was disgusted by your latest book. But I noticed from the bits she mentioned that she'd read it from cover to cover.'"

NEW GROUND

With her latest book Netta Muskett breaks further new ground. Its title: *FLAME OF THE FOREST* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). Its theme: the passions and problems of a young colonial police officer in the Sierra Leone jungle.

But the problems—about pay and the local cost of living—are dealt with in remarkably cool detail. Just one thing seems improbable at first—a vast native riot which the hero quells almost single-handed.

While the winter sea sighed outside, I asked Mrs Muskett about that riot in her book. Pride gleamed across her face. From above the mantelpiece she took down something in a frame. It was an extract from the *London Gazette*. It described how, in 1952, a young colonial police officer was awarded the George Medal for his part in quelling a vast native riot almost single-handed. The name of the officer? Peter Muskett.

THE BOOM IN LONDON'S TIN PAN ALLEY—4

Last year the public spent £17 million on records. Sheet music sales have slumped but there are still fortunes to be made in song publishing.

Refuse to listen—and you miss a hit

by
Ramston
Greig



EDDIE STANDING
More fun in the old days

THE little man with egg on his beard and beer on his breath came into the Charing Cross Road cafe, sidled over to Mark Pasquin and said in the curious accent of Tin Pan Alley: "I got a song, boy—a hit song, boy."

"Remember Billy Reid's *The Gipsy*? It made £30,000 for Billy and his publishers, didn't it? This one's just like *The Gipsy*, boy, it'll make a packet. Let me play it to you, boy."

Mr Pasquin, who is professional manager for the Mills Music Publishing Company, indicated a place in the corner.

When the song just like *The Gipsy* was well under way, Pasquin said to me: "They ferret you out everywhere. But you've got to listen to every one of them. You never know who's going to come up with a possible hit."

When the little man with egg on his beard had struck his last resounding chord, Mark Pasquin stroked his own egg-free beard and told him: "I'm sorry, boy. That song's too much like *The Gipsy* to be any good to anyone."

The little man, no doubt thinking that Tin Pan Alley was paved with sour grapes, said: "You've just let a fortune slip through your fingers, boy."

Are there fortunes to be made in the music publishing business today?

Pasquin told me: "From the sale of sheet music, not any more. Since the record boom sheet music sales have nose-dived. In the old days a hit-song could sell a million copies."

TOP SELLER

"Our top tune last year was *Forgotten Dreams*. Our sheet music sale for that one was 143,000 copies. When a person can hear a tune as often as he wants on a gramophone he doesn't have to sit down at a piano."

But if the record boom has hit the sheet music sales it makes up for the damage by paying handsome royalties to the publishers.

For every record sold, the publisher of the song on the record gets 1½d. from the record company. Half of it he gives to the songsmith.

Add to that the 1s. 1d. profit on every 2s. sheet of music sold and you will see that the music publisher is still a happy man.

Large earners still stick out of the mouths of most music-publishing executives.

NOTHING MISSED

In his office above a Donmark Street dairy, Eddie Standing, one of Campbell Connolly's directors, put down the twelfth new song he had read that day and said: "I am separating the wheat from the chaff. There's an awful lot of chaff in this business, boy."

"Every day I get my I've-got-a-song callers. The postman brings in around 50 songs each week. You read every word, play every note."

"That's how the music business found *Show Me The Way To Go Home* (that sold a million copies of sheet music). Underneath *The Archers*, *Goodnight Sweetheart* and *The More We Are Together*.

"There are four places in our other offices down the Arc. And they're going most of the time."

"It's true sheet music doesn't have fantastic sales any more. 'Our best song last year was *Little Darling*. That sold 40,000 copies."

"Still, the gramophone records keep the profits steady. And a publisher's royalty of £3 on every thousand records sold is easy money."

Consider how easy. The sales of Eddie Calver's recording of *Oh Mela Pappal* topped the million mark. So his publishers would get £3,000 from the recording company.

Standing has worked in the music publishing business for 31 years. Like many Donmark Street veterans he thinks the youngsters have it too easy.

today. The business is too business-like he thinks.

He said: "We made less money in the old days, but we had more fun. Nowadays your song plugger gets your song on television and it's any good it's a hit overnight."

"When I was plugging songs it took weeks and weeks to get a number on everybody's lips."

"You cheered performers all over the country, badgering them and pleading with them to sing your song on the music halls."

"In the old days you felt you had achieved something if you beat your rival to it and got Hutch to sing your song."

"Hutch could make a song for you."

Another new song was put on Standing's desk. He said: "Well, play this one over, of course. But I don't think it will do. It has the common falling—too many notes and too many words."

THE FORMULA

"Simplicity, boy, that's what makes a good song. Sing your own couple of choruses of *Show Me The Way To Go Home*, and you'll see what I mean. It's got just the right number of words and just the right number of notes."

Thus I ended my journey in Tin Pan Alley—singing a couple of choruses of *Show Me The Way To Go Home*.

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Just As Good

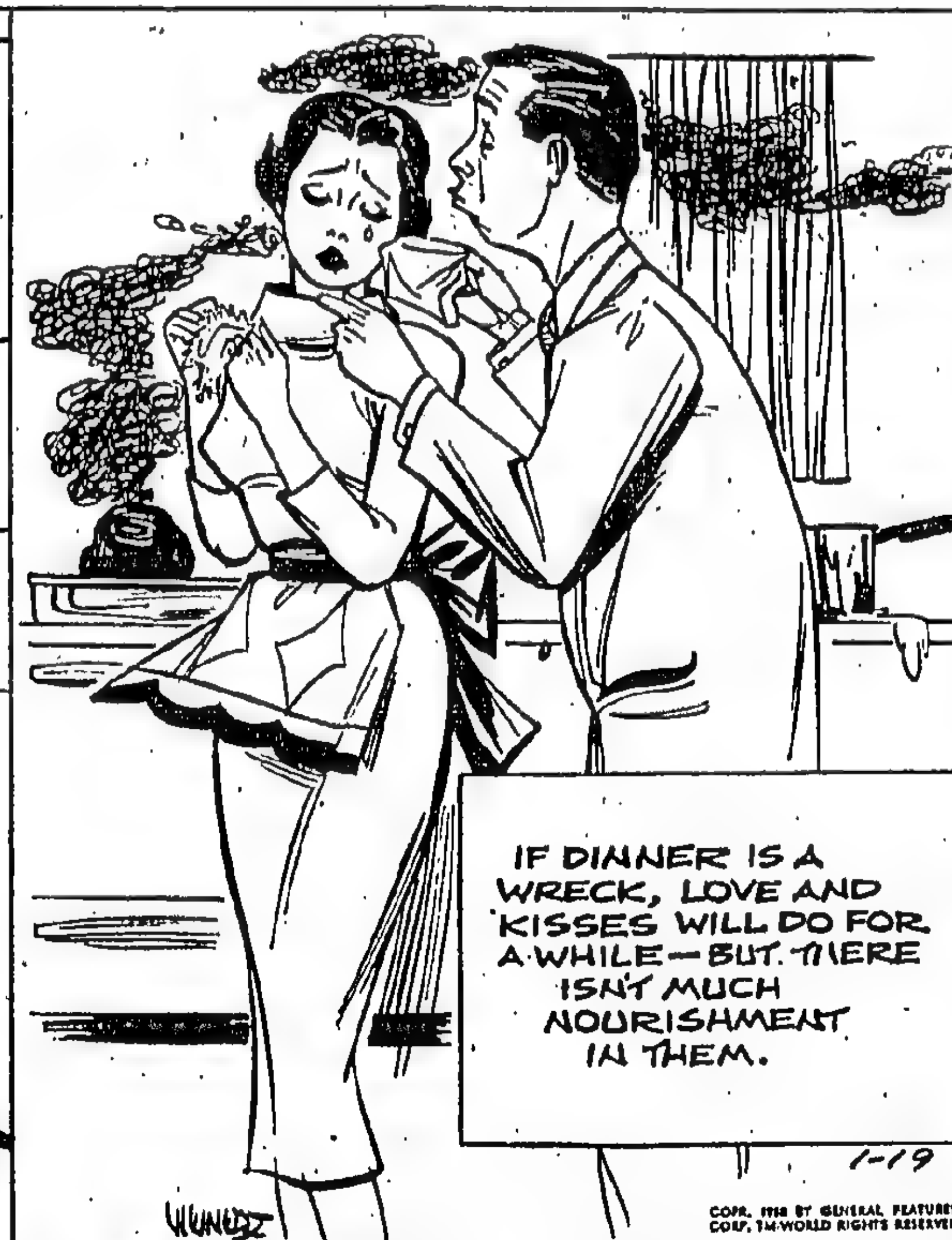
By Harry Weinert



FOR DEADENING THE SENSES THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LISTENING TO A LINE OF TALK PROPHECYING A WELTER OF DISASTER—IT'S AS GOOD AS CHLOROFORM.



NOT ONLY ARE HANDS JUST AS GOOD AS SPOONS—THEY'RE BETTER—YOU CAN'T SQUIDGE SPINACH WITH A SPOON.



IF DINNER IS A WRECK, LOVE AND KISSES WILL DO FOR A WHILE—BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH NOURISHMENT IN THEM.



WE CAN'T ALL BE CELEBRITIES—BUT A PAIR OF DARK GLASSES AND A CELERY SANDWICH CAN MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE ONE.



YOU WILL NEVER CONVINCE SOME PEOPLE THAT A SMALL PIECE OF ICE IN A GLASS ISN'T SUPERIOR TO A BIG HUNK OF ICE KNOWN AS A SKI SLOPE.



THERE ARE LOTS OF SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CARD PARTY AND DANCE—WHETHER IT'S AN IMAGINARY HEADACHE OR SOMETHING ELSE DEPENDS ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES.



OF COURSE BRAINS ARE IMPORTANT—BUT A LOUD VOICE IS JUST AS GOOD—ESPECIALLY IN POLITICS.



THE OLD REFRAIN THAT DRIVES WIVES BATTY: A DAB OF PAINT AND A BIT OF POLISH AND IT WILL BE AS GOOD AS NEW.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

"Gift Of The Gab" - Last In Series Of Radio Panel Games

At 8.30 tomorrow evening, listeners to Radio Hongkong will hear the last of the locally produced radio panel games, *The Gift of the Gab*. In this programme two teams of three persons compete with each other in a test of skill and verbosity.

Each member of the teams is required to talk for a full minute on any one of a variety of subjects given to him suddenly by the Chairman. During his one minute monologue, the competitor may not hesitate, repeat himself or wander from the point.

For each full round of subjects there exists a mystery word, which is revealed to both the visual and listening audience by means of a mystery voice, but about which the competing teams know nothing.

Should one of the team members inadvertently use this word, he receives a bonus of points, but once the mystery word is revealed a penalty is levied against anyone using it again. The programme is produced by Gillian Durling and the Chairman is Donald Brooks.

Classical Music

Classical music lovers are well served by Radio Hongkong again this week. Sunday Concert, which begins at 3.15, features as its main work, Mozart's Requiem in D Minor, a beautiful piece which is seldom heard over Radio Hongkong.

In *Morning From* at 10.15 tomorrow morning, listeners will hear several of the pieces set for the General School Certificate Examination. These will include the Fingal's Cave Overture by Mendelssohn, Fantasia on Greensleeves by Vaughan Williams, and Chopin's Nocturne in E Flat.

Monday Recital, at 8.30 on Monday evening, introduces Walter Haulag, an American pianist, who is passing through the Colony on his second tour of the Far East.

Walter Haulag will be giving recitals both here and in Macao, and in the records you will hear over Radio Hongkong will play music by Schubert, Liszt, Granados and Chopin.

Popular Music

The demands of the popular music fans have been well catered for too. At 6.00 this afternoon, Linda will be calling the Coast Watching Stations of HMS Tamar in "Unit Request".

The usual weekly half-hour programmes of current hits, Record Roundabout and Not For Squares, are on Monday and Tuesday, and then on Wednesday evening Marguerite will be in the studio to answer listeners' requests in her programme Lucky Dip.

Ted Thomas will be offering a hundred and twenty dollars on Friday to any listener who has written in with a correct forecast of the numbers one, three and five in his week's list of the ten records for which Radio Hongkong has received most requests, and this afternoon at 2.00 Nick Kendall will be spinning discs and dispensing his talk to his teenage following in *Just For You*.

Wednesday Theatre

Wednesday Theatre at 9.15 on Wednesday evening introduces a new play, *At Night*, one of the longest radio plays broadcast over the network for some time. (This is a psychological thriller which might well have been expressly designed for sound drama.)

A series of unusually stressed radio effects introduces the victim of an almost ludicrous planned murder. The victim is Richard Hammond, a self-made industrialist, who is adapting himself to a state of blindness brought about by an accident.

Surrounding Hammond are those whose lives he previously controlled, his onetime actress-wife, his uninspired junior partner, his wealthless brother and his feckless servants.

Living as he does, unusually in the dark, this former giver-of orders is forced to accept day to day realities through the confirmation of those who are able to see.

Slowly he discovers that his wife and business partner are talking him.

Disturb is inevitable, particularly when the logic of this blind man's other senses—hearing, smell, sensation and even memory—proves false.

A familiar house becomes suddenly a menacing maze; an intimately remembered garden becomes unknown territory; a beloved cat appears, unrecognizably.

—and even the climate has a different pressure. Through exciting and subtle stages he is led, still living, to his own tombstone. No medium other than sound radio could so effectively present the four-act claustrophobic action of this thriller.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 890 kilocycles per second.)

Should one of the team members inadvertently use this word, he receives a bonus of points, but once the mystery word is revealed a penalty is levied against anyone using it again.

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Written by Godfrey Harrison.

1.30 OPERA AND BALLET. Excerpts from the opera, *La Traviata*, by Giuseppe Verdi. Introduced by Alice Robertson.

1.45 THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Eugene Ormandy. *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, Op. 10, No. 3, by Frédéric Chopin.

2.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS. 2.15 WEATHER REPORT. 2.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

2.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

3.00 CLOSE DOWN. 3.15 WEATHER REPORT. 3.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

3.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

4.00 CLOSE DOWN. 4.15 WEATHER REPORT. 4.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

4.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

5.00 CLOSE DOWN. 5.15 WEATHER REPORT. 5.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

5.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

6.00 CLOSE DOWN. 6.15 WEATHER REPORT. 6.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

6.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

7.00 CLOSE DOWN. 7.15 WEATHER REPORT. 7.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

7.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN. 8.15 WEATHER REPORT. 8.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

8.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

9.00 CLOSE DOWN. 9.15 WEATHER REPORT. 9.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

9.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

10.00 CLOSE DOWN. 10.15 WEATHER REPORT. 10.30 EVENING SERENADE. "In Rome".

10.45 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. *"The Great Escape"*, by John Williams. *"The Long Walk Home"*, by Elia Kazan.

11.00 CLOSE DOWN. 11.15 WE

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

WHAT IS THE BIG MATCH REFEREE WORTH?

SPORTS QUIZ

1. How many different ways can a batsman be out in cricket?
2. In what car did Stirling Moss win the 1958 Argentine Grand Prix?
3. Who has recently become the world's youngest Test cricketer?
4. Who has broken Hutton's record for the world's longest Test innings? And how long was he at the wicket?
5. Which Home rugby country last year won (a) the Triple Crown (b) the International Championship (c) the Calcutta Cup?
6. What are the nationalities of these champion boxers—(a) Pascual Porco (b) Ingemar Johansson (c) Charles Humez?
7. Which ace motor-cyclist has recently joined the German BMW team?
8. Two young Australians—brother and sister—have recently smashed world swimming records. Names please.
9. Which singles championship was first held in 1881 and won by Dick Sears?
10. What's the Name? Chemist by profession... became a Test cricketer at 17... a Test captain at 21... has now played in nine Tests.

(For Answers See Page 17)

WEEK-END RUGBY

Club And Army Should Both Win Their Respective Matches This Afternoon

Says "PAK LO"

This week-end the two major games are on the Navy ground at Causeway Bay where at 3.00 p.m. the Navy are at home to the top ranking Army XV in what should be an easy game for the Army side. At 4.15 p.m. the Club, who are lying second in the Tournament Table, meet the RAF on the same ground.

There are again two "friendly" games scheduled for today. These will take place at the Army ground at Boundary Street. The first, which is between the Police and RAF "B", kicks off at 3.00 p.m. while following them a curiously composed Club "B" XV will play against 74 LAA.

This week's games should see the Club and the Army pull themselves away from their nearest rivals for they should both win their respective matches. The Army have improved their XV by bringing Rusby back from wing forward to wing three-quarter, while Green returns, after a week's illness, to his usual spot.

The Army has therefore, for this game, a very fast attacking three line, and one which is safe in defence, while their strong and heavy forwards should have little difficulty in getting the ball from the lineouts, scrums, and loose mauls.

The Navy, whose team goes to press with four uncertain starters, is the strongest that can be found, but with a complete dearth of ships available

at the moment it is a weak XV in comparison with the Army's battery of imposing players. The Navy pack is good but does not keep together in the loose, and the strength of their attack lies in Evans, one of the doubtful starters, and Watson. The defence has, to anyone who has watched the Navy in action, decided ups and the fast Army three are certain to penetrate through those gaps and score, and the Army should win comfortably.

On Sick List

In the Club v RAF game the Club are without Hearn this week due to an injury, and MacTavish is now on the sick list. However, Cheong is now available again and with Inglis and Dalglish in the wing and Valentine in the centre this is a strong attacking three line, but defensively it is weak in the centre, for lately Dalglish has been missing his tackles. The Club pack is strengthened by the inclusion of Miller and Carpenter, and these two should prove extremely useful in the lineouts.

The Airman have not such a strong pack and though they have Little in the centre with Cornish and Taylor in front of him they are only strong in attack in the centre for the wings do not seem to be capable at present of finishing off their moves. Thus the Club, with the better forwards, should get more of the ball, and their three will make it pay the way for them should win, but the Club three must cover the RAF centre closely.

In the minor games Police have Rinch back again at fly half while Lloyd also returns to the centre of the three. With their heavy and fast pack, the Police should easily win over the Airman's "B" side which is reasonably good in defence, but in attack its three handling is highly suspect.

Bit Of Practice

The Police three will be given a chance this afternoon to get their three moving, and thus give them a good bit of practice for the next Pentangular game. In the Club "B" v 74 LAA match Club "B" have some odd switches, Ross, one of the Club's second row forwards, is playing on the wing while MacCallum is doctored to wing forward. This should prove to be quite useful in the loose and lineouts, but in attack the three have not yet settled down and how Kellwell will make out at his new position of fly half remains to be seen.

The 74 LAA have a good set of forwards, and a reasonably steady back line, and though their halves are inclined to kick too much they should be doing the right thing on today's damp grounds, and the Army XV should win.

The Teams

Police: Johnston, McNiven, Slewin, Lloyd, Scott, Riach, Lelliott, Purves, Cunningham, Walsh, Forsythe, Brown, Walker, Shelley, Bryan.

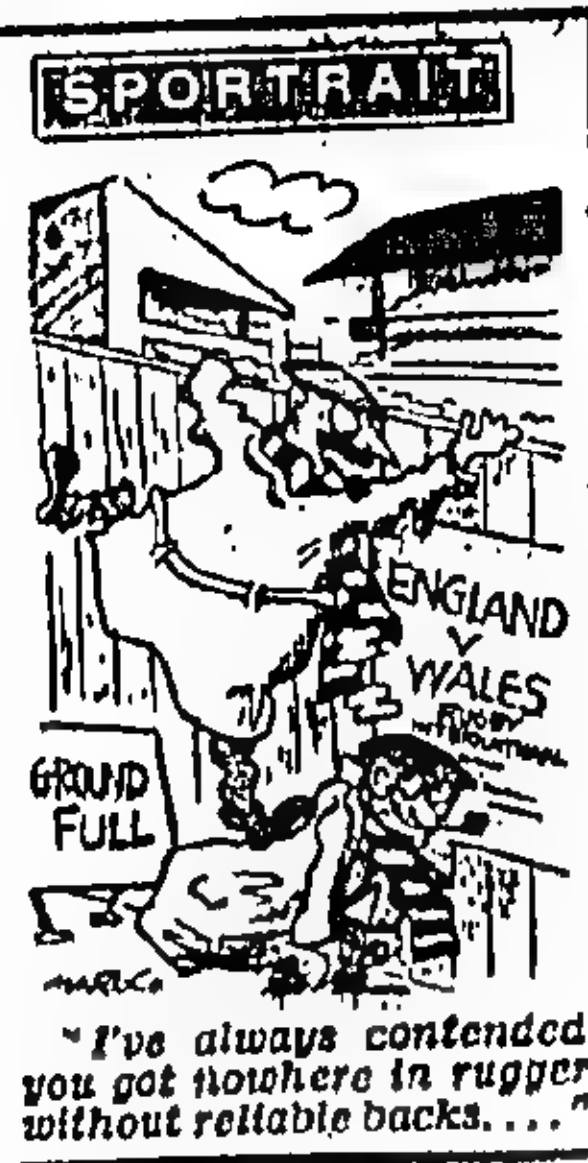
NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 9th (Annual) Race Meeting 1957/58 to be held on Saturday 1st, Wednesday 5th and Saturday 8th March, 1958, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Thursday, 13th February, 1958.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.



Sports Diary

TODAY
Racing
HKJC Eighth Race meeting, 2 p.m.
1st Division: Optimists v IRC; "North" v Regatta, RAF v CCE; "B" v Army "South", Police v Scorpions.
2nd Division: Army "North" v Dockyard, KCC "Wasp" v RAF; University v KGV, Centaurs v KCC; "Hornet" v BUS v Army "South", IRC v Police.
3rd Division: Eastern v CAA (CH), Club v Police, Army v RAF (BS) all matches at 2.15 p.m.
Rugby Division: Eastern v CAA (CH), Club v Police (Club) both matches at 2.15 p.m.
2nd Division: Aircraft v REME (HS) 2.15 p.m.; RAF v SA (WH) v Talbot (HV) 2.15 p.m.; RAN v Carolina Hill (HV) 3.45 p.m.; Police v "B" 3.45 p.m.; 3rd Division: RLL v CAT (HV) 2.15 p.m.; South China v Redragon (HV) 3.45 p.m.; Mercantile v Watling FSA (HV) 3.45 p.m.; CMB v University (HV) 3.45 p.m.
Navy v Army (Causeway Bay) 3.15 p.m.; Police v RAF "B" (BS) 3.15 p.m.; 74 LAA v Club "B" (BS) 3.15 p.m.
Hockey
Ladies' League: "Scorpio" "A" v Victoria (Hockey) 3.30 p.m.; Greenline v KGV (HV) 2.30 p.m.; "B" v Kings (Hockey) 4 p.m.

Surely More Than \$20 A Match When Big Money Is Being Made

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

I make no apology for returning this week to the subject of the referee... and his financial reward for contribution to Colony football.

At a recent meeting of the local Referees' Committee, the subject of the fees paid to the men who blow the whistle was discussed. I refrain from raising the matter in this column at the time, but as the whole thing is now being talked about in the soccer highways and byways I feel that the case cannot be prejudiced one way or another by making a few points here now.

First of all I think the present set-up regarding payments for referees is completely illogical and it seems to me... and I've thought this over very carefully in the last few days... that the Hongkong Football Association must give the closest examination to the subject with a view to bringing a spot of logic to the referee's position.

Look at it this way. A referee is nominated to take charge of a very ordinary First Division match on the Royal Navy Ground at Causeway Bay. He does the job in front of a handful of casual spectators who have paid no admission charge and for his work he is paid a fee of \$20. The fee is a fixed one and in agreement with many people I do not think it is unfair. It has no relation whatsoever with the particular official's ability other than the fact that he happens to be in possession of a Class One or other acceptable qualification.

Now the picture changes. The same official is thought to be good enough to take charge of one of the big show games which are staged in the Colony from time to time.

Before we get round to the referee's part in this second set-up it is interesting to look at the HKFA's position. This time they have probably invested thousands of dollars in the game and they have almost certainly sold thousands of tickets at prices up to ten dollars each.

Extra Special

It is my contention that having speculated thousands of dollars in bringing a top class football team to the Colony, having sold high-priced tickets to the public, and having given the game or games the "big-time" treatment, the FA have acknowledged that the whole thing is something extra special. If you accept these points as a logical appreciation of the situation, I think you will agree that the HKFA, which gives so much thought to the arrangements for our show games, must surely also give careful consideration to the man who is to control the actual play.

It is surely reasonable to assume that this time "ability" does come into the consideration and that the referees who are selected to officiate in the big games are in fact selected on some basis of merit.

On the Wacker Series it is reported that the HKFA made a profit of some \$60,000 and by any standards that is a healthy sum. Yet the Association, which is so lavish and so generous in so many other ways in connection with games against visiting teams, pays the man with the whistle the miserly match fee of \$20. Yes, twenty dollars. For handling a game which may well have attracted a six-figure gate.

Doesn't Make Sense

It simply does not make sense. If man is considered good enough to be given charge of a big business game, then he should be rewarded accordingly.

Probably some of you will counter this comment with the suggestion that it makes not the slightest difference to the referee whether the touchlines are deserted or whether there are teeming thousands in the seats around the stadium. Within certain limits that is possibly true, but it does not change the fact that the implied responsibility of the HKFA to give high-paying spectators value for their money places a heavy weight on the referee's shoulders. In such circumstances I believe he is entitled to a reward more in keeping with the importance of the job he has to do.

Overpaid?

Maybe, of course, some of you will say that some of our referees are already overpaid... and that must remain a matter of opinion... but it is a fact that we have seen some really atrocious refereeing this season with one of the worst displays actually taking place in a big show game. Nevertheless I do not believe that particular incident should be allowed to interfere with the principle involved: a principle which must surely underlie the fact that every man is worthy of his hire. Fair is fair.

It is also a possibility that if a referee was to be paid a big match fee commensurate with the responsibilities involved, he would probably be selected with even greater care than at the present time... that would be advantageous to everyone concerned.

In 1954 Hongkong's footballing thousands took Mike

Granger, the Army's brilliant goalkeeper, to their soccer hearts. Few transit players have ever enjoyed greater popularity with both the Colony's public and players and "Iron Gate's" sweeping victory in the China Mail's first Footballer of the Year competition was a clear public acclamation not only of a great player, but also of a grand sportsman.

Granger was already a professional with York City before coming to Hongkong in the course of his National Service and many astute judges predicted a bright future for him when he returned, but for a time it looked as though Granger's greatest attribute—his absolute fearlessness—would be his undoing.

In And Out

For two seasons he was in and out of the first team and in and out of hospital as the result of injuries he received and those of us who recall his breath-taking plunges into a goalmouth make or his daring dives at the feet of an onrushing forward can understand just how his injuries were received.

Leslie Compton told him after a brilliant display against Pegasus at Caroline Hill that if he could keep out of hospital long enough he would be a great success in England.

Now Mike is firmly established in York's first team and playing with all the confidence and courage that made him a star at Don. Bessie so recently termed it as the presentation of the first Footballer of the Year Cup... "the darling of the Colony crowds."

His outstanding performances are now catching the eye of the big fashionable clubs and according to one report from the UK four famous representatives were present when he gave a thrilling display against Bolton Wanderers in the FA Cup a couple of weeks ago.

This particular game was, to quote a press report, "disputed by rough" and according to another top sports writer it made him sick!

Retaliation

The report says that the trouble started when Nat Left-house, the ebullient England centre-forward, started charging into Granger after he had twice saved what looked like certain goals. This apparently led to a bitter goalmouth melee and Granger's colleagues and finally to Bolton Wanderers goalkeeper being badly injured.

We can well do without such occurrences in football wherever it is played, but it is an indication of the fine work of Granger that in a flashing attack on the players for their conduct one sports writer refers to him as "this great and gallant goalkeeper" while another writes "...but always there was goalkeeper Granger, and what a goalkeeper!"

Incidentally, I notice that a Services official who left Hongkong recently saw fit to "standardise" Colony soccer through the achievements of ex-Services players who are now in the United Kingdom. It is rather interesting therefore to find that on the last Saturday in January four ex-Hongkong players (Granger, Charlesworth, Casey and Korman) who were playing in the FA Cup, while three more were playing in English League sides and another four were playing in the Scottish League.

That's not a bad representation... what do you think?

Ray Daniel: I Want To Win Back My Place In The Wales Team

By JAMES CONNOLLY

London.

Eight months ago Ray Daniel played centre half for Wales in Czechoslovakia. Now he is centre forward for Cardiff City's reserves.

Says 28-year-old Daniel: "I am grateful to Cardiff for bringing me back to Wales, but this can't go on for ever."

"I want to win back my place in the Wales team, and the only way to do that is with first-team football."

Then Daniel hit at his critics like this: "I am in a difficult position about asking for a transfer because of this apparent, and unfair, reputation people have attached to me of being 'a bad boy'."

Daniel played six first-team games after joining Cardiff in October, then asked to be dropped.

But a Cardiff official says: "Even if Ray hasn't played in the first team, the £6,500 fee we paid Sunderland was worth while. Our other centre-half, Danny Malloy, has improved tremendously since he has had competition."

Sunderland paid Arsenal £20,000 for Daniel in 1953.

Cup Finals

Russia have already begun training for the World Cup finals in Sweden next June. Under national coach Gavril Katkalan they are doing gymnastics, sliding, and working hard on soccer technique.

In March the team will make a short tour to give them match practice.

It's good news for Arsenal—for a change. For 5ft. 11in. Elie outside-left Joe Haverty is fit again after deep ray treatment on his injured back every day for seven weeks. Haverty played against Brighton reserves on Saturday.

and manager Jack Crayton reports: "He played 80 minutes in bad going without a trace of trouble."

Arsenal won't rush him back to First Division soccer, but watch for the Haverty high-links in a couple of weeks' time. "Nonsense," is the Crayton summing-up on hints that Haverty is over-enthusiastic about Arsenal's interest in Swansea and Wales winger Cliff Jones.

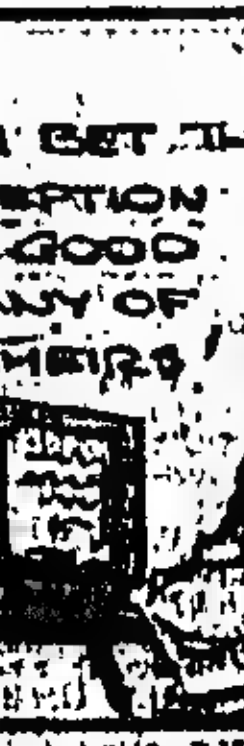
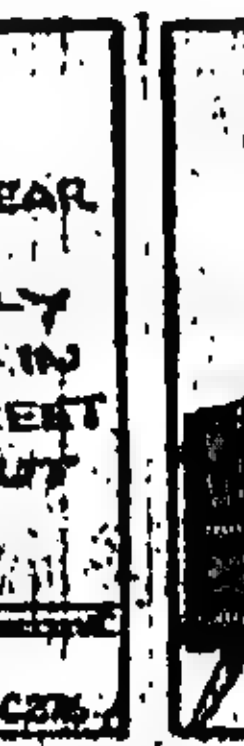
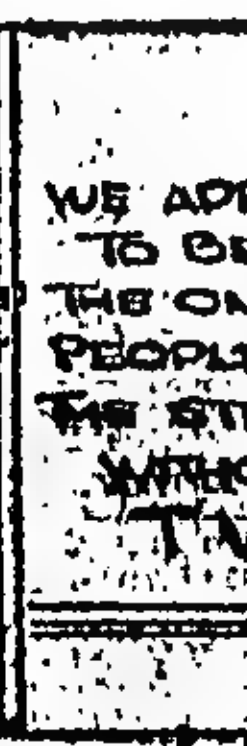
Out in the cold on the two-bowl terrace at Burnley every week stands former director Tom Bazen. He resigned from the board in December.

No comfortable seat in the directors' box for him now, but he is still a keen Burnley supporter.

"I see the games, and that is good enough for me," he says. He has sold all but one of his holdings of Burnley shares, but keeps that one to ensure that he can have his say at the annual general meeting.

Grimsby must be glad that they didn't accept the big bids made for left-winger Jimmy Fitt (22) three months ago. Jeff Whitefoot, the left-half

POP



Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

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A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Television decoders



PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS CHERRY HEERING

WEEKEND SOFTBALL GAMES

Two Top Teams Clash For The First Time In Senior Division

By "TIME OUT"

The hard-luck Warriors were dealt a cruel blow to their Pennant hopes when during last week's game against the Athletics their star third-baseman Stephen Xavier pulled a muscle in a run-down play between bases and as a result will be out of the game for a spell.

Without him in the line-up the Warriors' chances of inflicting on the champion Saints the latter's first defeat of the 1957/8 season are somewhat dimmed and Warrior mentor Oliveira and Coach Vas will have to come up with a suitable replacement which automatically means a drastic reshuffle of the infield.

The two top teams of the Senior Division clash for the first time this season at King's Park in what is undoubtedly the highlight of a six-games weekend schedule of matches down for decision and all indications are that with so much depending on every called strike, a battle royal should ensue with the outcome in doubt until the final "out" of the game.

Three More Weeks

All Junior League fans will have to sit back for another three weeks before the eventual resting place of the Ernie Hearster Shield is known. The League-leading Seminoles take a rest until March 2 when the Dodgers will attempt to force a play-off between the leaders and the Cheyennes. A Seminoles victory on this date means their second Championship in as many years. The Cheyennes will have to win their last game of the season and then depend on the Filipinos to do them a big favour. This afternoon at 3.30 p.m. the Cheyennes meet the cellar-dwelling Wah Ying who have only a single victory to their credit in 13 games. Cheyennes coach Joey Franco will not be able to field his strongest starting nine because of a clash of sporting fixtures involving some of his stalwarts. Nevertheless they are not expected to drop this game to Wah Ying who forfeited the first round match by a walkover. This game, the Cheyennes completes their League schedule and should see them trampling all over the opposition beside affording them the opportunity to fatten their batting averages.

Fielding Miscues

Those who like their softball in a lighter vein should troop out to the ball park tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. when four girls' teams will try to outdo each other in the number of fielding miscues which we have come to expect from ladies' softball. The Hurricanes and the Hongkong University thrash it out on the "A" diamond while at the other end of the field the Athletics meet the Overseas.

The University girls dropped two decisions to the red-shirted Portuguese team earlier, but ladies' softball being what it is, no one, least of all your scribe, can say with any degree of certainty that an upset is out of the question. That very shrewd veteran Bill Silva will be coaxing the undergraduates to greater efforts and if he can instill some confidence in the University lassies they must at least be conceded an outside chance of toppling the League leaders from their present lofty perch.

If the Overseas make an appearance at the "B" field

against CAA, the scorer appointed for this game will be in for another trying time.

Whenever the rookie Overseas play off a League match the numerous defensive errors they make afford anything but a help to a scorer in trying to keep up with the run of play. It will certainly take a few more seasons of League competition before this team can pose a threat and this season, their first, has yet to see them leaving the full regulation seven innings, which gives you a rough idea of how hopelessly outclassed they are. Once again they must be rated as underdogs.

The first of two Senior League games for the day gets going at 11.30 a.m. when David Lo's South China team, a far cry from the strong side they boasted some years ago, try to notch up that elusive maiden win at the expense of the U.S. Navy now represented by the "Washburn".

The American sailors openly admit, through a representative who had a word with me, to being little "rusty" from lack of practice although the "Washburn" team did manage to run up an impressive 8-1 record against other naval teams en route to the Colony.

Hard Time

It was also learned that they had participated in the San Diego Naval Softball League, so if they live up to reputation they will give South China a hard time. Flickers for the girls are Ivy and Corbett, both said to have a lot of speed in their hurrying—but we will have to wait and see. With rare exceptions the Navy's station ships invariably produce teams which play an appalling brand of softball and it remains to be seen whether the "Washburn" side will follow the general trend or surprise us with something worth talking about.

The after-lunch game at 2.00 p.m. features the Austers, the only British servicemen's softball team in the Colony's organised League, against the very keen University boys. The University team is currently enjoying one of its best seasons to date and are now lying mid-way in the League table. They have already beaten the Austers once before by a score of 23 runs to 10 and look like doing it again. Skipper Dave Cooper of the Austers has been troubled by team-replacements, but somehow always manages to raise a side. More power to you, Dave! Let's hope your good work will be rewarded by a shock defeat of the favoured U. Of course, Dave will have to do much better than in the last game in which he issued over 20 walks which must constitute some sort

of local record in Junior League softball.

A capacity crowd is expected at 3.30 p.m. when the defending Senior Champions, the Saints, face their stiffest hurdle to date in their quest for another pennant. The Warriors will be trying to do what no other team has succeeded in doing so far this season—to beat the Saints and even without Stephen Xavier they have the material for it.

A loss by the Warriors means goodbye to their Championship hopes and a victory puts them on level terms as they have dropped one game, to the Pandas. "Goose" Wong, who beat the Joys twice last year, will hoist the flag with chunky George Ribeiro catching. Joey Reis guards 1st base. Dicky Chaves the windy alley. Who will take over the keystone and hot corner has yet to be decided. Mentor Oliveira may do outfield duty and will have left fence-buster Tony Rodrigues and Gerry Remedios to keep him company. For the Joys, southpaw Salles will toss the strikes to Sherry Bucks. Dave Leonard, Art Ozorio, P.C. Wong, who is the weakest link in the defensive chain, and the incomparable Benny Omar will comprise the rest of the infield. Memo Xavier, P.C. Poon and one of the Ismail brothers guard the pastures.

The Joys' success so far is due in no small measure to smart coaching by Showboat Ali and Jindoo Hussain. Whether the Warriors can stop them from victory No. 10 is anybody's guess.

SOCCER NEWS

Craziest Soccer Transfer Gamble Of Them All

By JAMES CONNOLLY

London.

Roll up! Roll up! for the craziest transfer gamble of them all. Struggling Torquay United will sell their star goalkeeper, Peter Wakeham, for a song—well, around 6,000 good £1 notes anyway.

And West Bromwich are ready to snap up 21-year-old Devon-born Wakeham with the wide-awake style. But here is the biggest BUT in soccer history. Torquay would want another £6,000 on top of the original fee if Wakeham ever played for England.

CRAZY TRANSFER flash-back—Charlie Buchan cost Arsenal £2,000 from Sunderland in 1925—plus £100 a goal in his first season. Buchan scored 19.

Finishing Touch

Eleven maroon mugs blushed among the roses in West Bromwich's dressing-room.

The blooms are manager Vic Buckingham's idea to soothe his players.

The mugs hold orange juice for the players on losing days and sherry when West Bromwich win.

And just to add the finishing touch to this dressing-room luxury, Mr Buckingham has just installed a radio.

So they can croon as they sniff as they slip as they strip.

Jack Blanchflower, still kept out of the Manchester United side by Mark Jones, is not asking for a move. "I'll try to get my place back," he says.

But if there is the slightest chance of his leaving Old Trafford, expect Arsenal to go straight in.

Canadian dollars are rustling for the right inside-forward. No. 1 club—White Eagles of Toronto, bait Britain's youngsters with this offer. Assistants passage to Canada. High pay.

for play. And a job at 14s. an hour. White Eagles secretary Joe Boyle says: "A sensible boy can save at least £200 a year."

But what's this? Toronto's star soccer brothers Dennis and Harvey Jones want to return to England!

I'm tipping Danny Malloy, the Scotland "B" centre-half, to stay on at Cardiff. He asked to go when Ray Daniel was signed from Sunderland. Cardiff were ready to sell.

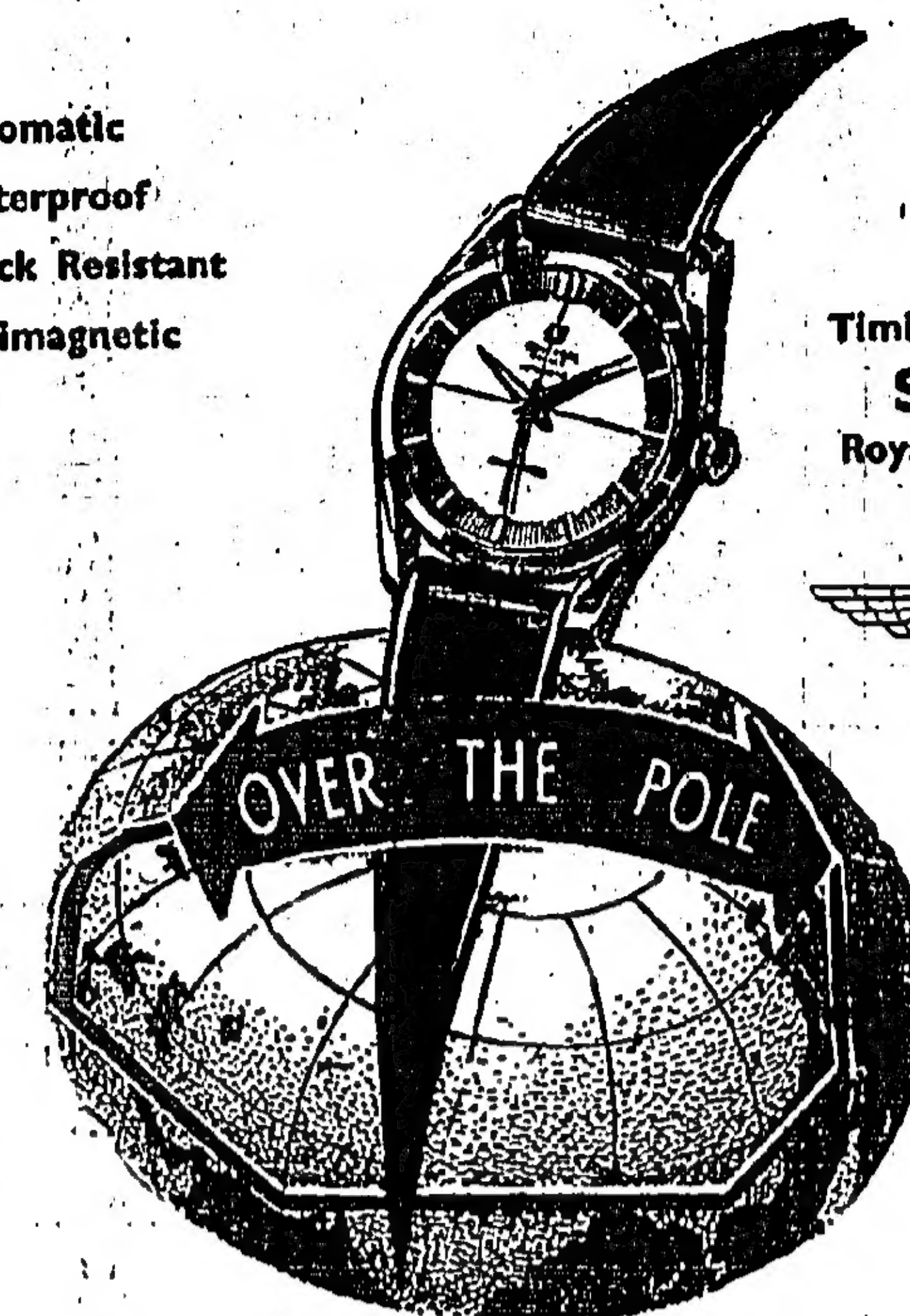
Then Malloy decided to fight for his place. Playing better than ever now, he keeps Daniel in the reserves and himself in line for the Scotland World Cup team.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Nine. Bowled, caught, stumped, run out, hit wicket, l.b.w., handled ball, hit ball twice, obstruction.
2. Cooper-Climax.
3. Nizam Ghanj of Pakistan, at the age of 16 years 248 days.
4. Hanif Mohammad of Pakistan. Sixteen hours thirteen minutes.
5. England won all these Rugby honours.
6. (a) Argentinian (b) Swedish (c) French.
7. Geoff Duke.
8. Ilsa and Jon Konrads.
9. United States Lawn Tennis Championship.
10. Ian Craig.

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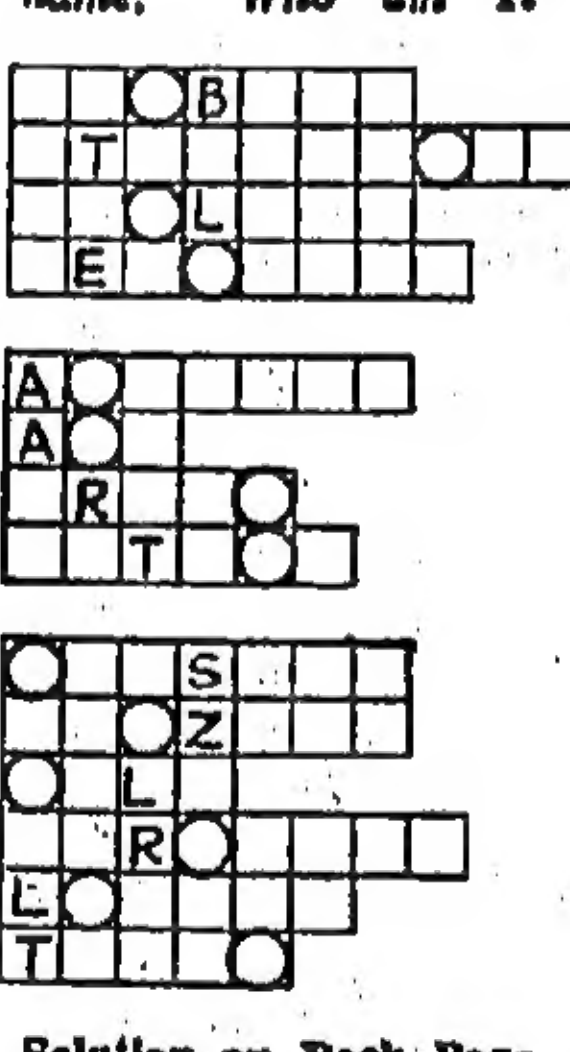


NAMESAKES



1. Wild westerners
2. Scattering in panic
3. They are fired
4. Dry timber?
5. Western town
6. Intention
7. Rough road
8. Horned beasts
9. Houses a firearm
10. American state
11. Young horse
12. He aims well
13. Not empty
14. Railway this.

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



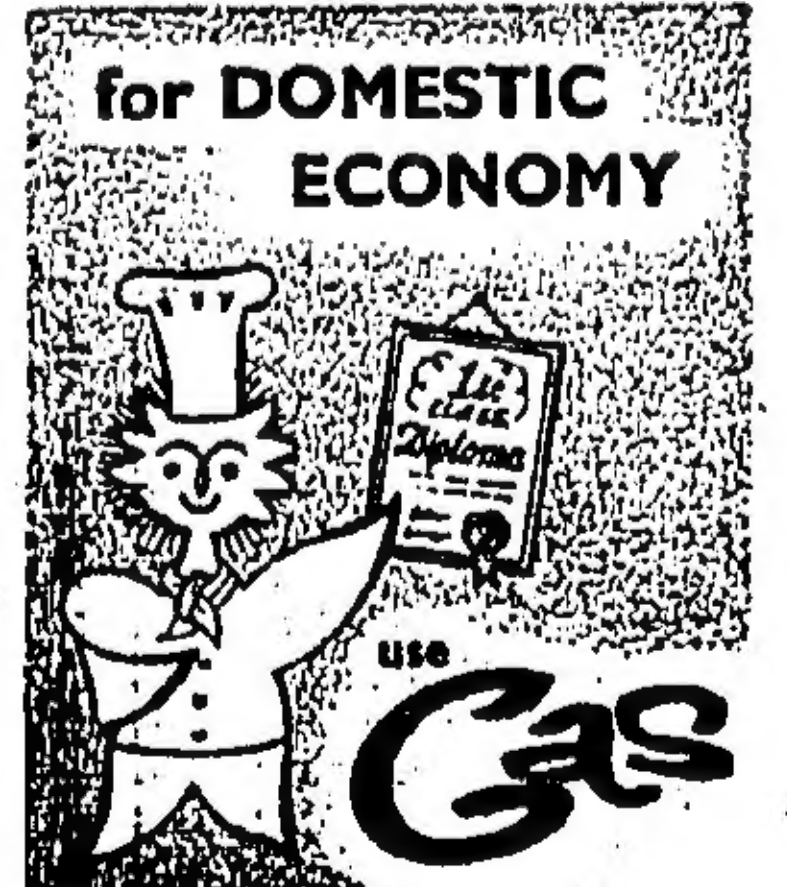
Solution on Back Page

Be Specific—fly
**CATHAY
PACIFIC**



flights weekly to
"CALCUTTA"

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



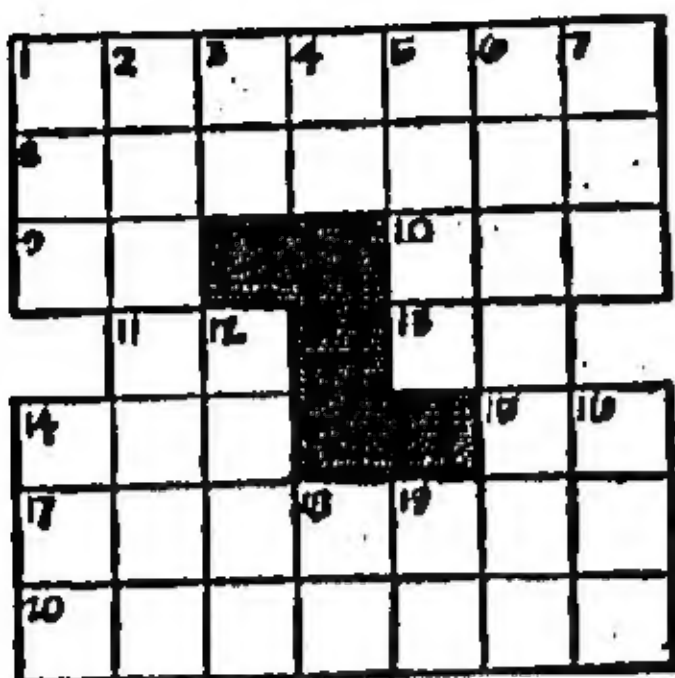


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



- ACROSS.
- 1 Miami Beach and Lake Placid, for instance.
 - 2 Beg.
 - 3 Great (ab.).
 - 4 Dined.
 - 5 Internal Revenue (ab.).
 - 6 Plint (ab.).
 - 7 High card.
 - 8 Hide New York's —
 - 9 Loaners.
 - 10 Declare disapprovingly.
- DOWN
- 1 Regular (ab.).
 - 2 Lurer.
 - 3 Street (ab.).
 - 4 Elther.
 - 5 Harvest.
 - 6 Bags.
 - 7 Female saint (ab.).
 - 8 City in Nevada.
 - 9 High mountain.
 - 10 Type of boat.
 - 11 Downtown (ab.).
 - 12 Early English (ab.).

SOUND ALIKES

Puzzle Pete's missing words sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you complete his sentence correctly? His voice grew from shouting after his runaway—

(Solutions on Page 19)

TRIANGLE

This week's triangle has been hung from a CARTOON. The second word is "embellishes"; third "a girl's nickname"; fourth "a singing group"; fifth "first number"; and six "a bone." Complete the triangle: CARTOON

A
R
T
O
O
N

WORD CHAIN

Can you change WINTER to SUMMER in just five moves by altering only one letter at a time and having a good word each time? If you have trouble, Puzzle Pete did it by changing T to N, W to S, I to U, first N to M, and then the second N to M.

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange each row of letters to form a good word, then rearrange the rows so that your answer reads the same down as across:

A	A	O	M	R
A	E	S	T	T
A	E	C	R	T
A	E	C	R	S
E	I	M	R	T

TODAY'S MODERN LIVING calls for comfortable, easy-to-get-into clothing. You'll like this easy-to-make wrap around skirt made of your choice of denim.

Whether you like stripes, plaids or solids—or maybe you like the real rugged 8 oz. navy blue denim—you are sure to like this skirt.

It is so easy to slip into to run down to the store, to wear shopping or even to the beach over your bathing suit.

As for a blouse, any tailored cotton or bandanna blouse is pretty with it.

HERE ARE SIMPLE skirt instructions. Buy enough denim to go around you (1½ or 2 yds). First, shrink the material to get rid of the sizing.

Hold the denim around yourself, working in the darts to fit the waistline. As you are holding the material around you, be sure it reaches from the right back to the left side. Then sew a hook and eye to the inside so it will hold this back flap and will cover you completely in the back.

Work in four darts in the front, four darts in the back and also four darts in the back wrap-around (right to left). Fit the skirt to the waistline and sew the darts accordingly. Take an extra long dart on the left side so it serves as a side seam. Finish the top of the waistline by using a bias strip of denim facing and sewing it toward the inside of the skirt.

NOW WRAP from the right back over to the left back and catch the hook in the eye on the left side.

Now, sew another hook and eye on the wrap that comes from the left to the right at the waistline. This will leave the



This project for beginners in sewing will result in a pretty skirt.

back free and easy for walking and the back is draped far enough over that you do not have to worry about the skirt feeling as if it were going to unwrap every time you go around the corner.

This skirt is quick and easy to make and yet has all the style of the new "easy-look" fashions. You are sure to want several in your wardrobe.

—By Marian Vinson Emerson

HERE ARE SOME NEW GAMES

BECAUSE PARTY FUN usually depends on the games that are played and the tricks that are introduced by the hostess, it's always a good idea to have a few new ones up your sleeve when you entertain.

The Exasperating Rubber Band is an excellent ice-breaker.

Loop a rubber band underneath your thumb and little finger, so that the band itself is stretched in two parallel rows over the back of your hand. Make sure it is stretched below the large knuckle of the first finger.

The problem consists of removing the band without using the other hand, and you may twist your fingers as much as you please. You may even shake your hand as hard as you can. But you must not touch the rubber band with anything except the hand that is already holding it.

This sounds easy but just try it and you'll change your mind because it takes a very nimble set of fingers to accomplish this in less than five minutes at a minimum. Some people never succeed at all.

Another good party game may be set up by stretching two strings across the floor from one end of the room to the other. They should be approximately a foot or two apart.

Divide your players into two teams. Give each one an ordinary hand mirror. After the starting signal has been given, the first two competing players must walk backward, one on each string. They may use

A RUBBER BAND CAN GET YOUR PARTY OFF TO A GOOD START



their mirrors as their guides. Whenever a player steps off his string, he is penalized by having to start all over. When he is successful, the next person on his team must follow in his steps. The first team to finish is the one that wins.

In "butterfingers" there isn't much butter, but plenty of fingers. Materials required are a pair of heavy winter gloves for each player, and two large ladies' handbags filled with no less than 10 tiny items each, such as buttons, pennies, safety pins, stamps, keys and screws.

Nothing should have a sharp point, and no object should be more than one inch square. Arrange the players into two teams. They may sit opposite to each other at a long table, or cross-legged on the floor. Give one handbag to each player at opposite ends of the opposing sides. All players must wear their gloves.

Players who have the handbags, open them. They remove the contents, one at a time, and pass each one to the player sitting alongside. When the bag is completely empty, it is passed on to the next player also. He has to put each item back in the bag, one at a time, close it and turn it over to the next player. He opens the bag, takes out every item, etc. The point of the game is, of course, to see which side is first to get its bag to the end of the line.

THE ROUND UP

This round up doesn't need horses. You play it sitting down at a table.

You will need a length of stout string about two feet long.

Make a loop in one end of the string. This loop should measure about six inches across. Twist the other end of the string two or three times around your hand, so you have a good grip on it.

Hold the string so the loop lies flat on the table. All the players put their forefingers on the table in the loop. The forefingers are the "dogies."

When you say "Roundup," you jerk on the string.

All the other players try to get the "dogies" away by pulling their fingers away.

Each "dogie" caught in the string counts five for you. You have three tries. Each of the other players have three tries in turn. The one with the highest score is the champion cowboy.

A NEW PET: MR. PARAKEET

TEN YEARS AGO, the parakeet was almost unknown in U.S. homes. Today boys and girls (and men and women) treasure no less than 14 million of these little pets from Australia. Why has America gone "all out" for the parakeet?

For one reason, he is a colorful feathered clown, with a flair for mimicry. Parakeets really talk — not just single words, but long sentences. They have an uncanny memory.

Apparently there is no end to what they can say. A parakeet in Miami Beach has a fabulous vocabulary of 400 words, which includes both English and Yiddish phrases.

Complicated chemical formulas and a condensed version of Einstein's theory of relativity

are included in the repertoire of a Dayton, Ohio, bird. A parakeet owner in San Francisco claims that his bird has a 600-word vocabulary, including the Lord's Prayer, the pledge of allegiance to the flag, and several nursery rhymes.

A Midwest bird lover jokingly suggests that you get a parakeet and teach it to talk. If ever you tire of it, all you need do is teach it to say, "Here, Kitty, Kitty!"

Actually it is quite easy to teach a parakeet to talk. The earlier you start training, the easier it will be. All it takes is patience.

One in every fifth home in the U.S. today has a parakeet. Even the White House has one. A Chicago bird is listed in the



telephone book and has his own private line. Chicago also boasts a school for parakeets,

and New York City has a hotel for them.

Parakeets are lovable, and like to be the centre of attraction. Give them a few simple toys, and they will develop many tricks of their own.

Parakeets were first introduced in Europe over a century ago, when the noted English ornithologist, John Gould, brought back a pair after a visit to their original home in the grasslands of Australia. Recently, when an inspection was made aboard a large aircraft carrier, it was found that the ship carried ten times as many parakeets as planes—a total of 475 birds.

—By Grover Brinkman

Lesson Of The First Sweater

"OH, mother, it's all spoiled. It won't fit at all, and I can't ever wear it."

Emily was knitting a sweater, the first one she had ever made. She had been working on it in her spare time since autumn.

She wanted it to wear especially to the party on St. Valentine's day. But now that it was far enough along so that mother had helped her sew the back and front together and try it on, they found the sleeve holes had been made too small. Emily was broken-hearted.

"Why no, dear. It's not spoiled. We'll have to ravel a little bit of the back out and make it longer, but that's all there is to it. That's not a bad mistake for your very first sweater. It's good that we found it so soon."

"But it will take so long! I'll never be ready for the party," wailed Emily.

"We'll have it done in time. I'll help, and you can watch so that if you ever make another mistake like this you'll know what to do. Most things can be put to rights if you know how."

"It's something like life," she went on. "Sometimes people dream dreams and make plans that just won't fit, no matter how hard they try. The only thing to do in that case is to unmake them as much as necessary and then go on to complete them to the size you can use."

Emily had dried her tears now, and was watching closely. "Does everyone make mistakes?" she asked.

"Yes, dear. For almost every-

one sometimes makes mistakes. No one is perfect. Of course we can always try to do things right the first time, but when something happens to show us they won't fit, we shouldn't hesitate to do them over again to make them better.

Do you know, I think maybe that's why we have a New Year. It gives us a chance to take stock and make a new start in case we haven't done a

perfect job on our lives in the past year."

"That gives me an idea for a really good New Year's resolution," said Emily. "I think I'll resolve to find my mistakes as soon as possible and correct them. They are just little ones. Don't you think that would be a good resolution?"

Mother reached for a knitting needle and began carefully to

pick up stitches on the row to which she had unravelled.

"I think that would be a good resolution for anyone to make. In fact, I think I'll borrow it from you, if you don't mind. I'll put it at the top of my list."

Emily's mother was smiling. Her busy fingers went on putting the knitting to rights.

—By Venus English

MANY WONDERS FROM LUMP OF COAL

YOU'VE HEARD OF "split personalities," haven't you? Of people who lead a double life?

They are strictly amateurs compared to a lump of coal that with chemicals derived from a lump of coal.

And so do literally hundreds of other things in use every day. You can name many of them for yourself: plastics, fertilizers, perfumes, dyes, insecticides and cosmetics, to mention a few.

A sort of modern "Fountain of Youth" is also found in a lump of common coal. Cresole, obtained from coal, protects and prevents decay in plating, railroad ties, materials used in the building of homes, and many other products. Cresole protects timbers



against fungus growths and preserves all kinds of wood against termites. It keeps them young. Through chemistry, a fountain of youth has been discovered for wood.

When your mother puts Mercurchrome — on your scabbies, a lump of coal has come to your aid also. For it treats scabbies with chemicals from coal. So does aspirin, novocain,

some common sedatives and many important vitamins. Some other uses for materials derived from coal are: the production of aircraft propellers, piston rings, couplings, the manufacture of roofing and gaving materials, the water-proofing of all kinds of buildings.

They have been found useful in almost every field you could name — from transportation to agriculture, from plastics to printing.

Coal, found deep in the earth, is the remains of trees and vegetation that have been buried under layers of soil, without access to air but with much moisture, and sometimes under pressure, it has lain there all these years. And now it serves us in so many ways. It heats our homes, it gives us oil, and is the beginning of our life-saving medicines.

Coal, the blackest substance known, and diamonds, the clearest, have the same beginning. They are both carbon. But of the two, coal serves us better.

—By Mabel Slack Shelton

The Mouse-Messenger

—He Keeps Bringing Telegrams From Teddy—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, were talking to their friend, Mr. Punch, when all at once a mouse came dashing out of a crack in the wall of the room.

He was wearing a messenger's uniform.

"Mr. Punch!" Mouse called out. "Which one of you is Mr. Punch, please?"

"I'm Mr. Punch," said Mr. Punch. Thereupon the Mouse-Messenger handed Mr. Punch an envelope.

"Telegram for you, Mr. Punch," said Mr. Punch, as he took the telegram.

"Any message, sir?" said the Mouse-Messenger.

Read It First

"Just a moment, please," said Mr. Punch. "I'd better read the telegram first."

Knarf and Hanid watched eagerly as Mr. Punch opened the telegram and read it.

Where is He?

"So he's not behind the trunk any more, is he?" said Mr. Punch thoughtfully. "Where can he be?"

At that moment, the Mouse-Messenger came dashing out of the crack in the wall.

"Mr. Punch," he called out. "Which one of you is Mr. Punch?"

"I am," said Mr. Punch. "Can't you recognize me?"

"Telegram for you, Mr. Punch," said the Mouse.

After handing Mr. Punch the telegram, the Mouse-Messenger disappeared through the crack in the wall.

Mr. Punch glanced quickly at the telegram.

"Just listen to this," he said to Knarf and Hanid.

"Managed to get out from behind the trunk. Am now stuck under barrel in cellar. Send help quick. Today, the Bear."

for Mr. Punch. It's for Knarf and Hanid. Which one of you is Knarf and which one of you is Hanid?"

Hanid said she was Hanid and Knarf said he was Knarf. The Mouse-Messenger was about to leave the message in two and give them each a half. But Knarf and Hanid stopped him just in time.

The message read: "Am now in room. Need help. Come quick. Today, the Bear."

Knarf and Hanid rushed into the room. This time they weren't too late. They found Mr. Punch sitting on Today.

"I thought he was a cushion," said Mr. Punch, as he got up from sitting on Today.

"I don't care much for that Mouse-Messenger," said Mr. Punch. "He never seems to recognize me."

"I think he ought to wear eye-glasses," said Hanid.



"Telegram for you, Mr. Mouse-Messenger said to Punch."

"He's a wonderful Mouse," said Today. "I grabbed on to his tail and he pulled me out from behind the trunk and from under the barrel."

Rupert and the Lost List—6



The little strangers are delighted to be spoken to. "You're the first people we've met here," says the boy. "My name's Brian and this is Margaret. We've just come to these new cottages down in the woods." Edward starts. "I'd no idea people were building anything here."



"Tell me," says Rupert, "remembering his mystery, 'have you heard what news that you can't explain in these cottages? We're all here, talking but none of us can find out what made them.'"

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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1958.

Sheaffer's
STERLING SILVER TIP

AUSTRALIA IN SOUND POSITION

SHE HITCH-HIKED TO WAR TO SEE HUSBAND

Korean Love Story Wife Is Sued

London, Feb. 7. BENITA Lasseter, the officer's wife whose flight to the battle front made the greatest love story of the Korean war, is being sued for divorce.

Her husband, Matthew, a major in the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, cites Mr John Hadfield, a former ranker in an infantry regiment.

Six and a half years ago Benita Lasseter, now 34, baffled British and American security officers by arriving at her husband's camp a few miles behind the front line, wearing a tweed skirt and a red sweater.

Forgotten

She got there by hitching plane lifts from Japan, including one "hop" aboard the private aircraft of the C-in-C, British Commonwealth Forces in Japan, Lieut-General Sir Horace Robertson.

It happened around the time of the glorious Gloucesters' bitter battle of the Imjin. There was a top-level row. But after her husband gave evidence at an official inquiry, love won the day. The incident was forgotten.

She stayed five days in Korea. Then she was offered a Hollywood film contract. She turned it down, flew to her parents' home in France, waited until her husband was posted to Hongkong, and joined him there.

The Lasseters' childhood sweetheart married in 1947 and had a four-year-old son. She was previously married to a US Army captain and has a child of the marriage.

Her father is Captain James Griffith Fairfax, former Tory M.P. for Norwich. She has been living with her parents at their villa at Roquebrune, near Nice.

Major Lasseter has a military appointment in Ghana. The suit, which is in the undefended list, will probably be heard next month.



Major Lasseter
A job in Ghana

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I only want a quick shampoo today, Louise—so we'll have to talk pretty fast!"

Third Wicket Partnership

Johannesburg, Feb. 7. A grand third wicket partnership of 158 between Jim Burke and Richie Benaud carried Australia into the sound position of 217 for four wickets on the first day of the fourth Test against South Africa today, at the Wanderers Oval.

Coming in when Australia had scored a paltry 62 for two wickets, Benaud settled down quickly and then gave a powerful exhibition of attacking batting to score exactly 100 in 177 minutes, with nine fours and one six as his chief strokes.

Burke was undefeated at the close with 79 and during his six hours at the wicket he hit only three boundaries.

Two Chances

South Africa gave two chances in the field and the second was costly as Burke was dropped at leg slip by Peter Heine off Trevor Goddard. He was only 21 at the time and Australia had just lost Neil Harvey. Another wicket might have made all the difference.

As Burke and Benaud continued their stand past the tea interval it seemed that they might last out the day, particularly as Neil Adcock, one of South Africa's pace bowlers, left the field soon after lunch with influenza.

It is not yet known whether he will appear tomorrow.

Made Amends

With half an hour's playing time left Heine made amends for his earlier error by getting the wickets of Benaud, caught off an attempted hook, and Ian Craig, Australia's captain, who chopped a ball on to his stumps.

Craig scored only three and his aggregate in six innings of the present series is only 89—including a half century. The tenacity of the depleted South African attack, and the nature of the day's play, was truly reflected in the fact that 29 of 89 overs bowled were maidens, and there was not one extra—Reuter.

Under cross-examination today Miss Gray claimed she met Sir Strati in a London underground station at the beginning of World War II during an air raid warning. He asked her to have a cup of tea with him and eventually they fell "madly in love."

Sir Strati Ralli (family motto: Keep to the straight path) is chairman of an insurance company and a director of the Maritime Shipping & Trading Company. He was christened Eustrata Lucas but changed to his present name by deed poll in 1931. His father the first baronet, left £2,250,000.

Sir Strati's counsel, opening the case for his client, said the story about the jewel was "an invention from beginning to end." The amount of £212,000, being sued for, was to the baronet an unimportant sum. By coming into court he was exposing his wife and family to humiliation from the revelations about his relations with Miss Gray, on whom he had spent well over £20,000. But he refused to give in to a completely false claim "based upon a perjured invention."

The counsel said Sir Strati would testify on Monday that he never gave Miss Gray the pieces of jewellery—China Mail Special.

Dr Senor, who presided over a conference here of chief dental officers from 15 nations, under the auspices of the World Health Organisation, told a press conference that nine out of every 10 European children have tooth decay.

"In the so-called uncivilised countries 10 out of 10 children have healthy teeth," he said. Dr Senor congratulated the countries—including Britain, the United States and Belgium and the Netherlands—which add fluorine to water supplies in a bid to stop decay.

"But we shall have to wait 10 years to see the concrete result of this," he said—China Mail Special.

Millionaire Baronet Sued By Model

London, Feb. 7. An ex-photographer's model told a judge and jury here today she used to send her mother to the movies when her millionaire lover, Sir Strati Ralli, 81, visited her.

The model, Miss Jacqueline Gray, 41, is suing the baronet for four pieces of jewellery she alleges he gave her then took back. She claims that for 15 years until a quarrel she was his pampered mistress, living in luxury flats with money lavished on her.

Under cross-examination today Miss Gray claimed she met Sir Strati in a London underground station at the beginning of World War II during an air raid warning. He asked her to have a cup of tea with him and eventually they fell "madly in love."

FAMILY MOTTO

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John Wayne Introduces His Film

Mr. John Wayne is holding a press conference cocktail party at the Peninsula Hotel tomorrow afternoon to introduce his independent production, "Legend of the Lost," which is soon to be shown in Hongkong.

"Legend of the Lost" is a desert drama. With John Wayne as Sophia Loren and Rossano Brazzi. John Wayne took along his unit to Libya where the movie camera has never been before, and as the film is made in Technicolour and Technidrama, this film is an outstanding event from the spectacle point of view.

John Wayne was born Marion Michael Morrison at Winterset, Iowa. When he was quite young, he moved with his family to Lancaster, California, a town on the edge of the desert.

FIRST PART

He first entered films with the Fox Film Corp. as a prop man, and became friends with John Ford, the famous producer-director.

It was in his first big part in a film called "The Big Trail," that he exchanged his name Marion Morrison for John Wayne.

John Wayne is a proud American, and believes wholeheartedly in the American way of life. To prove it, he will tell you he became President of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals in 1948.

REDIFFUSION

11.30 a.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 2; 12 Noon, "Time Time"; 1.30 p.m. "Three Men on a Horse"—Norman Erskine, Jack Jones and George Young; 2.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 3; 3.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 4; 4.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 5; 5.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 6; 6.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 7; 7.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 8; 8.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 9; 9.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 10; 10.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 11; 11.15 p.m. "The Cruel Sea"—Episode 12.

TELEVISION

3 p.m. Guy Lombardo and His Orchestra; 3.30 "Life of Riley"; 4.30 "The Silent Love"; 5.30 "The Silent Love"; 6.30 "The Silent Love"; 7.30 "The Silent Love"; 8.30 "The Silent Love"; 9.30 "The Silent Love"; 10.30 "The Silent Love"; 11.30 "The Silent Love"; 12.30 "The Silent Love"; 1.30 "The Silent Love"; 2.30 "The Silent Love"; 3.30 "The Silent Love"; 4.30 "The Silent Love"; 5.30 "The Silent Love"; 6.30 "The Silent Love"; 7.30 "The Silent Love"; 8.30 "The Silent Love"; 9.30 "The Silent Love"; 10.30 "The Silent Love"; 11.30 "The Silent Love"; 12.30 "The Silent Love"; 1.30 "The Silent Love"; 2.30 "The Silent Love"; 3.30 "The Silent Love"; 4.30 "The Silent Love"; 5.30 "The Silent Love"; 6.30 "The Silent Love"; 7.30 "The Silent Love"; 8.30 "The Silent Love"; 9.30 "The Silent Love"; 10.30 "The Silent Love"; 11.30 "The Silent Love"; 12.30 "The Silent Love"; 1.30 "The Silent Love"; 2.30 "The Silent Love"; 3.30 "The Silent Love"; 4.30 "The Silent Love"; 5.30 "The Silent Love"; 6.30 "The Silent Love"; 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